

A NEW
POETICAL TRANSLATION
OF ALL THE
ODES of *HORACE*.

By *W. GREEN*, M.D.



LIVERPOOL:
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T H E
English Horace.

A N E W
P O E T I C A L T R A N S L A T I O N
O F T H E F O U R B O O K S O F
H O R A C E ' s O D E S,
A N D
C A R M E N S E C U L A R E ;

Inscribed to
H E N R Y B L U N D E L L , E s q .

By His most obedient

Much-obliged

Humble Servant,

LIVERPOOL, FEB. 3^d
1777.

W. GREEN, M. D.

1535
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CINCINNATI

POETICAL TRANSLATION

OF THE FOUR BOOKS OF

THE ILLIAD

CARMELITE SECULAR

Inscribed to

HENRY BRUNDELL, M.D.

By the author

MADEIRA

THE

W. J. B. H. T.

THE FIRST

B O O K

OF THE

ODES *of* HORACE.

ODE I. *To* MÆCENAS.

Mæcēnās ātāvīs ēdītē Rēgībūs.

1. **M**ÆCENAS my support and grace,
Of kings a long descended race,

What various life we frame?

Some praise the proud ^a Olympic space,

^a Olympian
Charioteer

And gather dusty fame.

5

Away the wingéd chariot flies,

The dusky clouds arise ;

The fervid wheels eschew the pole,

And reach, 'mid shouting crowds, the goal,

These lords of earth the victor prize

10

Elates—triumphant to the skies.

2. This courting dignities supreme,
In giddy noise, and popu'lar fame,
All Rome in ferment with his name,

^b Another bent on sordid gains,

^b Engrossing
Cornfactor 15

Sweeps all the grain † of Libyan plains ;

One ploughs the old paternal field,

Well pleas'd with what his acres yield ;

Each

† Engrossing the grain from Lybia.—Before Ægypt became a province,
Africa was the granary of the Romans.

Each in his inclinations blest,
 Not all that Attalus possést,
 Nor all the treasures of the east,
 Shall turn their timid hearts to cleave,
 With Cyprian keel the Ægéan wave.

20

3. Icarian billows running high,
 A tossing bark and sable sky,
 The merchant pale in fear,
 Prays for a life of rural ease;
 But promptéd to another trip,
 Indocil—poverty to bear,
 He then refits his shatter'd ship,
 And out again to seas.

25

30

4. Some, o'er their mellow massic § gay,
 Take from the loitring solid day
 An ample share, in verdant shade
 Beneath the fragrant * arbuté laid,
 Or at the sacred fountain's crystal head.

35

5. The trumpet and the clarion's cheer
 Delight the sons of Mars,
 Detestable to mother's ear,
 The call to bloody wars.

40

Whether

§ A strong kind of wine for hard drinkers.

* Arbuté. The strawberry tree.

32 Some gay their mellow massic o'er,
 Break from the solid twenty-four.

34. *Verdant shade.*] As our English verses only differ from each other in metre, as they consist of different lengths of twelve, ten, eight and six syllables, they are used promiscuously, in Lyric Poetry, [vid. St. Cecilia's Ode,] *Hanc veniam petimusque, &c.* not o'er stepping the bounds of modesty; when most consonant to the numbers and movements of my Author; as here

——Nūc vīrīdī mēmbrā Sūb ārbūtō
 Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput Sacræ.

6. The sportsman quits his bosom bride,
 Beneath inclement skies to bide,
 Whether his twisted nets are tore,
 By stag, or rushing Marfyan boar,
 The faithful pack pursue the track, 45
 He thinks of spouse no more.
7. And thee, thy Ivies, godlike, raise,
 Of learned brow reward and praise,
 And me sequester'd from the throng,
 Light tripping Fauns the nymphs among, 50
 And gelid streams and choral song,
 Withhold; if Clio's lute combine,
 And Polyhymny deign to join
 Her Lesbian Barbiton to mine;
 And wing'd sublime I'll reach the skies, 55
 If rank'd with lyrick bards divine,
 Mæcenus bid me rise.

The following admired TRANSLATION of the same ODE, full of Wit and Humour, is here given, that the Reader may contrast it, with Simplex Munditiis, the neat plain simplicity of *Horace*.

1. **M**ILLER, whom fair Ierné bore
 To grace Britannia's happier Shore,
 Whose Genius guides, whose Counsel guards
 The Labours of Bathonian Bards,
 Survey Mankind, and each you'll view
 His various Path of Joy pursue.
2. There are, in Phaetons who smoke ye,
 Collecting dust enough to choak ye,

With Elbows square, and nodding Heads,
 And long-tail'd scrambling Quadrupeds
 Whip round the Post—turn sharp—cut neat—
 Despise—and frighten all they meet;
 Or studious of New Market Races,
 Keep *half* a running Horse* at Scrace's,
 Hedging, and odds, and Bets their Theme—
 By which *some knowing ones*, I deem,
 With Zones around their Necks have vaulted
 Tow'rd's Heav'n above their peers exalted

3. The Alderman who pants to grace
 The golden Chain, the Sword, and Mace;
 Th' engrossing Hunks, whose Barns contain
 Full many a Year's well-hoarded Grain,
 Yet anxious to increase his Store,
 Grubs his paternal Fields for more,
 Would ne'er the boist'rous waves be tost on,
 To meet their dearest friends at Boston,
 Though all the Treasures were consign'd them
 Her hapless Exiles leave behind them,
 In stoutest Bark would ne'er sustain,
 The Horrors of th' Atlantic Main.

4. Secure from Wars, and dangerous Seas
 Colonel Jaghire enjoys his Ease;
 Buys Land, and Beeves, with Indian Gold,
 Which some poor English squire had sold;
 Kings, Lords, and Commons he defies,
 " The Town is all my own, he cries,
 " That curst Climate I've been hurt in,
 " And Nabob-making grows uncertain—

This

* The Riding School at BATH.

“ This snug retreat I’m safe from harm in,—
 “ How sweet that Wood ! that lawn how charming !”

5. But Ah ! his Passion soon returns,
 With restless flames his Bosom burns ;
 His Bark he rigs, resolv’d once more,
 The distant Ganges to explore,
 Rather than on his native Ground
 To starve—on Fourscore Thousand Pound.

6. Oft’ will you meet old General Drone :
 A Character at Bath well known ;
 The Rooms and coffee house he haunts,
 Drinks sometimes Tea, and sometimes Nantz
 Complaining of the Gripes and Vapours,
 He’ll ask “what News you’ve in the Papers ;
 Then cry, “such Measures we’re pursuing,
 “ This Nation’s on the Brink of Ruin :”—
 But urge him to explain her wrongs,—
 Down fall the Poker and the Tongs ;
 He hums, and haws, and recommends—a—
 —Prescription for the—*Influenza* ;
 In Summer, lounging at Spring-Garden,
 In Winter, ev’ry Door bombarding,
 With morning visits duly paid
 Down from the Crescent to Parade,
 His Head he’ll in the Pump-Room poke
 To catch some stale, unmeaning Joke,
 With News and Nonsense for the Day,
 To drive his irksome Hours away.

7. Pierc’d with the Fife’s, and Trumpet’s voice,
 Britannia’s warlike Youth rejoice ;

The blended Sounds transport their Ear,
 While trembling, anxious Mothers fear—
 These heroes should desert their Quarters,
 To Scotland to entice their Daughters.

8. The northern Blast, and driving Rains
 Sir Hardy Thickset well sustains;
 Whether the Hind, or Wily Fox
 His fleet Hounds urge o'er Vales and Rocks,
 He drives the Chace with Perseverance,
 Nor heeds his tender Wife's Endearance,
 At Night returning to console her—
 With Feats of Bowman and of Jowler.

9. For me—the verdant Ivy Guerdon
 (Which you, Sir, have my Brows conferr'd on)
 While many an artless Rhyme I jingle,
 Gives me with loftier Bards to mingle:
 Me to enjoy the cool Cascade,
 Thy nodding Grove, and checker'd Shade,
 And view the smiling Nymphs advance,
 To join with thee the festive Dance,
 (While every charm of Art and Nature
 Conspires to grace thy Fête Champêtre)
 Thy kind Indulgence has allow'd,
 And sets me 'bove th' ignoble Crowd;
 Content, if sweet Euterpe deign
 To hear my humble Pipe complain;
 Or when beside the Winter fire,
 With careless Hand I sweep the lyre,
 The gay fantastic Polyhymny
 Will take a Corner of my chimney,

Inspiring

Inspiring Notes of Joy and Mirth,
 That please, and perish in their Birth;
 But if thy fair, thy Matchless Dame
 Approve my verse, and stamp my fame,
 In concert with well-judging Riggs,
 Assign to me her Myrtle Sprigs,
 And lead me through th' Aonian Path
 To join the vocal swans of Bath,
 And rankt with bards, if bid to rise,
 I'll fore above all vulgar Eyes,
 And bear my Plumage to the Skies.

ODE II. To Augustus.

Jān fātīs tērrīs nīvis atq̄e dīrāe
 Grāndīnīs, mīsit pater et rubente
 Dexterā, sacras jaculatus arces,
 Tērrūit ūrbēm.

1. **E**NOUGH, O fire, of tempest dire
 Hail, snow and thunders thrown,
 Thy red right hand with fulmen hurl'd
 Hath struck thy dome, and shook the town,
 And terrify'd a guilty world; 5
2. Least the revolving age should rise
 Of Pyrrha uttering plaintive cries,
 New monsters to behold;
 When Proteus led his scaly brood,
 The woods entangled Dolphins hold; 10
 The porpoise where late turtles coe'd,
 O'er Spiry mountain-forests roll'd;

The

The lion and the lamb,
The timid hind with tygers swam,
In the o'erwhelming stream. 15

3. We saw—roll'd back in angry roar
The Tyber, from his Tuscan shore
Rush with impetuous aim,
T' o'erthrow the works of regal fame,
The monuments of pious reigns, 20
And Vesta's hallow'd fanes. †

4. When over-boastful to his bride, ^{a Ilia.}
To' avenge her grief and love, ^{¶ Julius Cæsar.}
Uxorious in his swelling pride,
He delug'd the Romúlean side 25
Vagüe—unapprov'd of Jove.

5. Dire whettéd steel in sacrilege,
Our vicious fathers civic rage,
[Best wastéd on the Parthian foe,]
The next depopulated age 30
Of youthful arm, shall know.

6. Who shall our * falling state sustain,
What deity can we address?
And with what lays, can virgins teize,
(Attendant on her holy fane,) 35
The' v unlistening vestal Queen? ^{v Minus audientem}
Hard of hearing.

7. Whom, from on high, will Jove ordain
T' atone our guilt of blood?
Descending deign, O'Augur God, ^{d Apollo.}
Thy

* Sinking for want of youthful recruits.

* Thy shoulders clad in radiant cloud,
To expiate our stain.

40

9. Or wilt' thou Erycina bend?
Whom smiles circumvolant attend,
The graces and thy Cupid near,
Or wilt thou Mavors hear?

45

10. Who, clangour lov'st, and glitt'ring spear,
The aspect stern, and vengeful blow,
Of Marsyan on his bloody foe?
O! Glutted with the cruel sport,
Smile on thy long neglected race,
And bid at length thy fury cease.
Or shall we, to the YOUTH, resort?

50

* Augustus Cæsar.

11. If Maia's wingéd son, unseen,
In Cæsar's imitated mien,
Thour't guardian of the state;
Nor dost disclaim, the Avenger's name,
Of Julius' cruel fate.

55

12. Let not atrocious crimes incense,
And wing thee unpropitious hence;
Love to be father, chief and prince,
And late returning condescend,
To rule on earth till discord end,
Triumphant o'er the land.

60

13. And let not the insulting Mede,
Our eagles, unrevenge'd tread,
While, Cæsar thou hast the command,
The fulmen in thy hand.

65

* The Latin line in Horace is a literal translation from Homer, as Spence in his Polymetis acutely observes, page 100.

* νεφέλας ἐπείμμενος ὤμους

ODE III. *Addressed to VIRGIL sailing to Athens.*

Sic tē Divā Pōtēns Cypri
 Sic frātēs Hēlēnæ, lūcidā Sīdērā.

1. **S**O may the queen of Cyprus Isle
 And lucid twin Tyndarids smile.
 So may the father of the wind,
 Restraining every breath unkind,
 Iapyx † only send, 5
 O Bark! thou ow'st this precious trust,
 My Virgil to the Attic coast,
 My soul's elect defend;
 Deposit safe my better half,
 My poet and my friend. 10
2. What heart of knotted oak had he,
 Well cas'd in triple steel,
 The first who launch'd the slender keel,
 And dared the rugged sea?
 The Pleiade and the Hyade star, 15
 Portending elemental war;
 With madding Aquilo contending
 The south, precipitate descending;
 Than whom no greater tyrant sways,
 To § raise, or quell the Adrian seas? 20
3. What horror of the first degree,
 What death in any shape fled He,

Who

† The favourable wind for Athens,

§ To raise or quell; The mouth of the Adriatic is open to the south winds, and defended from the rest by high lands on every side.

Who saw with eye that ne'er shed tear,
 With soul that never knew a fear, 25
 The turbid turgid main,
 The floating monster train;
 Who durst undaunted go
 O'er rocks unseen and gulphs between
 Of gaping deeps below? 30
 And infamous Acrocerauns, †
 Since white with many a sailor's bones. *

4. Vain wife has the Creators's hand
 For ever sunder'd land from land,
 By the dissociating seas, 35
 If impious barks thus dare profane,
 And bounding pass from main to main,
 The interdicted ways.

5. No dread, or pain, no laws restrain,
 Rushing through human and divine, 40
 § Through all forbid, all daring man,
 Bold Japhet's impious line,
 Provok'd the first Almighty ire,
 By stealth of heavenly fire,
 An execrated band; 45
 † Hence death, before remote, and slow,
 Lash'd on by fate, prest on his rate, Advanc'd

† This compliment is paid to Augustus, who was in great danger of being shipwreck'd here, and lost part of his Liburnic gallies. — Demersa parte liburnicarum. Suet.

* Infames scopulos multorumque ossibus albos.

§ Perverse all bearing daring man,
 Fearless of consequence whatever he suffer.

† The original sin of the heathens. Heavenly fire in the language of poetry, is science, and knowledge of good, &c. This whole passage is so conformable to the Pentateuch, that one would imagine Horace had read it, or that those strong truths deeply impress'd, though defaced with fable, were perpetually preserved. How else could the heathens learn the long life of our fathers before the flood and the sudden change?

Advanc'd in horrid strides below,
 With fever hand in hand,
 New plague and pain, a ghastly train 50
 Encumber'd all the land.

6. Where ends proud man's audacious stretch,
 What arduous deem'd above his reach?
 The sea his greedy road.
 And Dædalus try'd vacant air, 55
 High wing'd, incumbent on a pair
 Not made by hand of God.

7. Through Styx and realms devoid of day,
 Herculean labour burst it's way,
 Gigantick folly scales the sky; 60
 So sacrilegious our path
 Hard in impiety,
 Jove's never unincens'd wrath,
 And thunders cannot lie.

This translator professes to express every good poetical sentiment of Horace, as well as the genius of the language and his own will permit, and rather to give in demiprose, what he cannot versify with grace, than omit a celebrated beauty. Such are these lines,

*Audax omnia petiti
 Gens humana, ruit in vetitum et nefas, &c.*

The following lines are added to elucidate this passage,

I feel enthusiastic call,
 Like Japhet's race devoid of grace,
 At all forbid I aim,
 And tho' like Icarus I fall,
 I fly at heavenly game,

ODE IV. To P. SEPTIUS.

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice Veris, et Favoni.
 Trahuntque glebas Machinae Carinas.

1. **K**EEN winter's breath dissolves away,
 The gentle zephyrs fly,
 The spring in turn resumes the day,
 And creaking engines hawl to sea,
 The vessels long adry.

2. The swains forsake the smoky hall,
 The hoary Frost the field,
 The languid herds the lazy stall,
 And meads their lillies yield.

3. Now Cytheréa leads the choir
 With fervid son, to song and lyre
 The decent graces bound,
 To rising horn of moon new born,
 The jocund dance goes round,
 They trip it o'er the verdant stage,
 And beat the sod altern,
 While glowing with Vulcanian rage,
 *The Cyclop forges burn.

4. Now neatly deck thy comely head
 With myrtle green or flower's dispread,
 The melting earth's new grace,
 Now haunt the groves where Faunus roves,
 The green sod altar raise,
 And give to Pan, or kid or lamb,
 Which ever victim please.

* M. *Ætna's* volcanos Bursting with greatest rage in spring.

5. Pale death with equal pace impels
Alike at every door,
The castle where the tyrant dwells,
And cottage of the poor,

6. Dear happy Sextius, life of man 30.
In this contracted narrow span,
Admits no hope of lengthen'd plan ;
Soon will the dark Plutonian cell,
Inanity and shades of hell,
And phantoms, fabling poets tell, 35
O'erwhelm us all, and there no souls
Will dice it over kingly bowls,
No Lycidas beyond the urn,
With whose bright eye, will Venus try
Her coldest hearts to burn. 40

ODE V. To PYRRHA.

Quis multā gracilis tē puer in rōsā
Pērfūsus liqūidis ūrgēt ōdōribūs
Grātō, Pyrrhā, sūb ānrō ?

1. **P**YRRHA, what slender pretty boy,
bedew'd with rose abundant prest,
Dost thou to pleasing grot decoy ? *
‡ Who next to be caress'd ?

2. For whom thy knotted golden tress;
In neat simplicity of grace,
So elegantly plain ? 5

3 How

* *Vid.* Picture of the Demirep upon the look out.

‡ Who holds thee now Caress'd ? in H.

3. How soon, how oft, shall he complain
Of shifting gods, and fickle troth,

* Unwonted wondering YOUTH?

10

4. When o'er the skies serene,
The sable, angry clouds arising,
And sudden squally storms surprizing,
Scowl along the main?

5. Deluded, hap'less boy,
Vain hoping pure of all alloy,
For ever vacant to his arms,
Forever amiable, all charms
The melting golden joy.

15

6. Too credulously blind,
To tempest imminent,
Unknowing in the element,
Of the fallacious wind.

20

Ah wretched he, to whom untried,
Thou glitter'ft—I the swelling tide,
Escap'd thank Neptune, safe on shore.
My votive tablet points to all
My dripping garments, on the wall,
Suspended—to the saving power.

25

ODE

* *Vid.* Hogarth's Harlot's Progress, and the staring boy with kettle in hand.

O D E VI To AGRIPPA,

Scribēris Vāriō fortis & hōstium
 Victōr, Mæonii carminis alite,
 Quam rem cumque ferox navibus, ant eqnis
 Milēs tē dūcē gēssērit.

1. **S**UBLIME on the Mænian wing,
 Atchievements of thy great command,
 Or horse or foot, by sea and land,
 Let Varius only sing.
2. 'Tis not for hand of feeble wire
 To strike the fiery part
 Of fierce Achilles, proud of heart,
 In unrelenting ire,
 Unknowing how to yield;
 And in the bloody field
3. Who shall describe the god of war
 In adamantine coat and car?
 Or † Merion, black-incrusted, o'er
 The Trojan plains, in dust and gore?
 Or § Tydeus' son, by Pallas' aid,
 O'er match for the immortals made?
4. Or Pelop's house unfortunate
 Immers'd in hate, and tragic fate;
 And wily in his voyage long
 Ulysses with his double tongue?
5. Tho' bold to raise the warless lyre;
 These honors we resign,
 Asham'd to marr (in want of fire
 Demeaning great in lessning lays,)

† The plains, in Trojan dust, and gore.
 § He wounded both Mars and Venus.

And

† And grate on the superior praise
Of Cæsar, and of thine.

6. We jocund in vacant strain

Chaunt the feast and virgin train,

And battles void of blood,

30

(As when the angry mis affails

Her lover's cheek, with well prun'd nails)

In usual levity altern

We sometimes sing, and sometimes burn,

As in the game some mood.

31

ODE VII. To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Lāudābūnt āliī clārām Rhōdōn, āūt Mītīlēnēn,
Aūt Ephēsūm, bīmārīvē Cōrīnthī.

1. SOME Ephesus, some Rhodes, and many

Commend for prospect, Mityléné,

And Corinth, on its double seas,

Commanding equal both the bays,

And Thebēs and Delphos, these display

5

Of god of wine, and god of day ;

Some labour in perpetual strain

For Athens, and the spotless queen,

And crown her brow with olive green ;

Theſſalian Tempé, and Mycénaë,

10

† *Or thus :* Tho bold, to raise the warless lyre,
Our muse, these honours must resign,
Ashamed to mar (in lack of fire,
Demeaning great in lessening lays,)
With grating string, superior praise
Of Cæsar and of thine.

D

And

And, for its breed of * horses known,
 Rich Argos, Juno's honour'd town ;
 But nor Larissa's fat campaign,
 Nor patient Lacedæmon's plain,
 Charm more than—the Albunean lakes
 And the resounding Anio's breaks §
 Adown abrupts impetuous bore,
 And falling with tremendous roar ;
 Her orchards and her pendent woods,
 Her rivers easy ductile floods,
 The haunt of nymphs and sylvan gods.

15

20

2. Not always doth the south prevail
 In drizzling show'r, or patt'ring hail,
 O'er the deformed plain ;
 But ofttimes blows a purging gale,
 And gives a blue serene.

25

3. Thus wise eternal toil forbear,
 And sooth the pangs of life severe ;
 Or in thy villa's densest charms,
 Or camp'd, amidst effulgent arms,
 The mellow never spare.

30

4. When † Teucer urged by hard commands,
 Fled fire, and Salaminian lands,
 Ne'erless, his brow in poplar bound,
 The day, he moist, with Bacchus crown'd,
 And thus address'd his drooping friends around.

35

Where-

* Now called Turkish Horses.

§ Anio's Breaks. The Cascade of Teverone : See Addison's Travels from Rome to Tivoli, p. 216.

† When Teucer by severe command,
 Fled from his fire, and native land.
 Banished by a severe father.

5. Where'er kind fortune points we'll go,

We'll follow with the wind;

40

She can't present a greater foe

Than Sire we leave——unkind;

With me the worst of fates ye try'd,

With me all dangers you defy'd

In many a well fought day;

45

Then let not melancholy care

Oppress your hearts in black despair,

And not a man give way to fear,

While Teucer, your auspicious guide,

While Teucer leads the way;

50

6. I know by Oracles divine

Affur'd, from Phoebus sacred shrine,

Another Salamis shall stand

Ambiguous in name,

And rise up in new promis'd land,

55

Illustrious in fame.

7. This day we give to mirth and ease,

With wine your care allay,

The next again, ye brave, we'll face,

The great Neptunian sea.

60

ODE VIII. To LYDIA.

Lydiā, dic p̄r ōmnēs tē dēōs ōrō, Sybārīn
Cūr prōp̄rēs āmāndō p̄rdērē.

1. **L**YDY, by all the gods, I'll know, §
Why Sybaris is hurried so
Precipitated down the flow
Of love, to his undoing?
Why doth he yellow Tyber shun, 5
From oils, * as viper-venom, run,
^a Inplung'd by thee in ruin? ^a Ingulst
With patient fide,
Well known to bide,
The dust, and scorching sun 10
2. Why rules he not the gallant steeds,
With gallick bit and rein?
No more in arms accoutred, heeds
The military plain?
No more, doth limbs of livid hue, 15
Press'd with the weight of armour shew,
Whose brawny arm before
Renown'd, beyond his rivals score
The disc, and heavy javelin threw?
3. And lurking (said) in female guise, 20
Like sea-born Thetis' son he lies
Eluding fates decree,
Lest, garb-betray'd, the beardless boy, †
Were snatch'd to Lycian massacre,
And walls of weeping Troy? 25

§ Entreated Lydia say
By all the gods I pray.
Why, &c.

* Oils used in gymnastic exercises; the four principal, Swimming, Wrestling, Riding, Tossing the Disc or Javelin.

† To prevent his going to Troy, Achilles was thus disguis'd and conceal'd by his Mother, in Lycomedes' Court.

ODE

ODE IX. To THALIARCHUS.

Vidēs ūt āltā stēt nīvē cāndīdūm
 Soracte nec jam sustineant onus
 Sylvæ lābōrāntēs, gēlūquē
 Flūminā cōstitērīnt ācūtō ?

1. **S**EE where Soracté, deep in snow,
 Erects his hoary lofty brow,
 The labouring forests scarce sustain
 The silver load, the floods below
 Forbid to flow,
 Fast bound in icy chain.

2. Dissolve the cold, and piling high,
 O Thaliarch, thy wood log dry,
 Thy ample bowl, of richest juice
 † Falerny, rising four produce ;
 Warm well thy breast, and leave the rest
 To providence's care,
 To quell at will the fervid seas,
 Bid battling Aquilonians cease,
 The placid deep, and forests sleep,
 And thaw the freezing air.

3. Think not of sorrow, or to-morrow,
 Whatever more the gods bestow
 As so much honest gain allow ;
 Nor scorn the dance and choral lays,
 In flow'ry youth, e'er furly grow
 All-marring age with wither'd brow,
 The evening breeze, the waving trees,
 The assignation in the park,
 The breathing whisper in the dark,
 The happy minute seize.

† Wine four years old.

4. When corner'd close, the latent maid
Is by her titt'ring laugh betray'd ;
And snatch the bracelet of the coy,
In wily disport bold,
Reluctant press'd to yield the toy
She never meant to hold.

30

O D E X. To MERCURY.

Mērcūrī fācūndē nēpōs ātlāntīs,

1. **O** ! Mercury, of Atlas sprung,
Whose sapient eloquence of tongue,
First, manners rude refin'd,
And wrought to grace the recent race,
And civiliz'd the mind.
2. * Jove's herald swift, on golden wing,
And parent of the vocal string,
As wily to conceal,
As quick in what you playful steal,
And god of arts I sing.
3. Apollo rag'd for loss of kine,
Absconded by a theft of thine ;
E'en while he chid,—of bow beguil'd,
Pleas'd with thy wit Apollo smil'd,
4. Safe in thy conduct, "Trojan fire,
With fums of ransom gold,
Eludes malignant foe, and fire,
Atrides and Pelides' ire,
And hard Ulysses' hold.

5

10

15

5 You

* The winged herald of high fire.
And parent of the bending lyre.

5. You, potent with your ‡ golden rod, 20
 Command the flitting phantom crowd,
 Give mansions to the pious good,
 And welcome offices bestow.
 30 To deities both high and low,
 To all, complacent God. 25

‡ ————— Golden wand,
 The flitting phantom crowd command.

ODE XI. To LEUCONOÉ.

Tū nē quæsiērīs, scīrē nēfās, quēm mīhī, quēm tībī.

1. SEEK not to know, 'tis sacrilege to pry,
 What end may have, or you or I,
 Far into secret fate;
 5 Nor Babylonian numbers try,
 Nor charms of black astrology, 5
 For interdicted date.

2. What God ordains, best to endure,
 Or he prolong thy natal hour,
 10 Or this to be the last
 That thou must hear the wint'ry blast 10
 Opposing, o'er thy pumice shore *
 The Tuscan billows dash'd.

3. Would'st thou be wise, may I advise,
 15 ‡ Refine thy wine while time is thine,

Contracting

* Leuconoé, is supposed to have had a seat near the Tuscan shore, which is overspread with heaps of pumice stones, from the Volcanos of Ætna and Strombolo, which floating on the agitated waves, debilitated and opposed the billows, (as Hor. observes, dashing on her Tuscan coast covered with these pumice stones.) This line was never understood till explained by F. D.

‡ Refine thy wine; a proverbial phrase for, Mind your huswifry, and do what you have to do,

Contracting into narrow space 15
 The boundless hope of lengthen'd race;
 Seize the instant whilst you may,
 See—while I write, in envious spite
 The moment's wing'd away;
 No credit, dear Leuconoe, 20
 Beyond the present day.

O D E XII.

Quēm vīrūm, aut Hērōā lyrā vėl ācrī,

1. **W**HAT man or Hero wil't thou sing?
 What god, on lute or shriller string;
 Whose name, Aonian maid,
 Shall vocal phantom now resound,
 Disporting, on thy holy mound, 5
 Or Pindus, or black Hæmus shade;
 Whence woods † tumultuously sprung
 Sequacious of Orphéan song?
2. With parent shell, instructed well,
 He rapid streams could bind; 10
 Lure listening oaks and rigid rocks,
 And quell the raging wind.
3. From Jove begin, the first great name,
 The poet's flowing theme,
 Who awes divine and human line, 15
 The earth and sea, the orbs obey,
 And the immense of space,
 Who temperates in harmony
 The season's order'd race. 4 To

† Temere insecutæ. Helter skelter, Horace means.

4. * To whom no equal in the skies,
No second deity,
No like to thee, Saturnian high,
Is, was, or can arise.
But, first of all his progeny,
To Pallas, give the lay.

20

25

5. And Bacchus, in the combat bold,
And Dian purest virgin cold,
The savage mountain's dread;
And Phœbus, with his flowing gold,
And dart unerring sped.

3

6. And Hercules, and Leda's race
For Cæstus and the steed,
Renowned both the fight to lead,
Of all the starry spangled frame
To sailors ever honour'd name;
When ye appear in lucid grace,
The shatter'd barks the wave defy,
The dashing angry waters cease,
The rocks are dry, the clouds recede,
And threatening, now recumbent spread, §
The foamy billows die.

35

40

7. Whom next to gods of sons of men?
Or Romulus' perturbed scene,
Or Numa's pious, placid reign,

* Pindar speaks of the sun in much the same stile, Ode I. line 7.

Behold the Sun's meridian ray,
No second there descry'd;
In the deserted blaze of day,
No fellow in the firmament
Flames through th' æthereal void.

§ And threatening, now in foam disspread,
Recumbent billows die.

- Or Tarquin's fasces proud entoll, 45
 Or, Cato, thee relate, ?
 Thee Cato, of unconquer'd soul,
 Ennobled in thy fate.
8. To Regulus, and Scauri too,
 O mute, preserve their honours due, 50
 And Paulus, lavish of his blood,
 The great of heart, who scorn'd to see
 The victor's day, and nobly free,
 Effus'd the generous flood.
9. Fabricius and Camillus, 55
 These men, and Curius great in war,
 Unhorn, uncooth, in shaggy hair,
 Hard poverty had bred,
 A few paternal acres bare,
 In honesty had fed. 60
10. Marcellus lives in growing fame,
 Like thriving tree, insensibly
 He spreads his head supreme.
 And beaming far the Julian star
 Glows in excess of light, 65
 As orbéd moon, at highest noon,
 O'er all celestials bright.
11. " O Father kind, to man, ador'd, *a Prayer for the emperor.*
 Saturnian conserving Lord,
 Be Cæsar's fate thy care; 70
 In justice may Augustus sway,
 And all but less than thee,
 May he, our " second deity, *" Rome's present Deity.*
 Subdue the rebel war,

13. O'er

12. O'er Parthian hosts, in haughty boast, 75
Late threatening our Hesperian coast,
Triumphant in the car;
Or quell he Ister and the Don,
The realms of Seres, and the Sun;
Sole majesty above, 80

13. Th' incestuous inimical grove,
Smite thou with fulmen hurl'd;
May thy eternal thunders roll,
And shake the firmamental pole,
* And Cæsar rule his world. 85

* Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. VIRG.

O D E XIII. To LYDIA.

Cūm tū Lydiā Tēlēphī
Cervicē rōlēam ēt cērēā Tēlēphī.

1. **W**HEN Telephus in rosy charms
And Telephus of waxen arms,
You Lydia warm recite,
And in the pleasing name delight,
With fervid ^a gall my bosom burns, ^{a bile}
Uncertain, lost, in swift returns
I'm pale, and glow, in sudden flush
My tears involuntary gush,
And stealing tell my heart too well,
What fierce desires, 10
What ^a fretting, slow consuming fires, ^{a melting}
Within my marrow dwell.

2. I'm rack'd, if, in the flow of wine,
 And wrangle, on thy cheek divine
 The rushing boy with hand unclean, 15
 Thy purest Parian neck distain;
 With livid dint the lip imprint;
 May I have leave, you can't believe
 In persevering faithful breast,
 With barbarous kisses, ^d marring blisses, ^d murdering 20
 Breathing with a fifth at least,
 Of Venus' nectar dews imprest.

3. In highest lot of bliss is he,
 * Enjoying all, enjoying thee,
 Unseperable fair, 25
 In flowing life, devoid of strife,
 By death alone disjoin'd;
 Thrice happy, and thrice happy pair,
 In unison of mind.

* Possessing all, possessing thee.

ODE XIV.

*Address'd to the State lately distress'd with civil wars, in
 the Allegory of a shatter'd Ship.*

O Nāvis, rēfērēt ī mārē tē nōvī
 Flūctūs? O quid agis? fortiter occupa
 Pōrtūm, nōnnē vīdēs, ūt
 Nūdūm rēmīgīō lātūs
 Antennæquē gēmunt?

1. **O** BARK! dost thou again attempt
 To face the boistrous element?

New

- New billows bear thee out to sea,
 With friendly anchor (while you may)
 Re-seize, and stoutly hold the bay ; 5
2. Thy fides, see, strip of bench and oar,
 Thy timbers groan, thy rigging tore,
 No canvas whole, in swelling roar
 No trusty plank, to bear the sway
 Of o'er-imperious rolling sea. 10
3. Thy floorings ^a creachy, yards and masts ^{a leaky}
 Shook in the late fierce § AFRIC's blasts ;
 Tho' Pontic born, you boast your line
 The daughter of the noblest pine,
 Vain haughty claim of empty name, 15
 What heeds the sailor, in distress,
 Thy painted head and grace ?
4. No aid, * no whilom gods to call,
 When wrecking tempests round thee fall ;
 Unless thou ow'st a scoff, and prey 20
 To sporting winds, beware I say ;
5. † My late afflicting weary care,
 And now no less my love and fear,
 O shun the interfused seas
 Of glittering rocks and Cyclades. 25

§ AFRICUS. The wind from the coast of Africa.—Alluding to the wars of Anthony and Cleopatra.

* If Augustus quits the helm of state ; to whom this ode may be supposed to be addressed, dissuading him from resignation.

† Horace was once of the Republican party, and grieved at ill success, and weary of the toils of war, he procured his peace ; he has now changed sides and is warm for government, and in as anxious fears lest Augustus should resign, as he was formerly averse to his obtaining the sovereign authority.

O D E XV.

The Prophecy of Nereus, and the fate of Paris and Troy.

Pāstōr cūm trāherēt pēr frētā nāvibūs.

1. **W**HEN perfid swain led ~~in~~ the main,
(False guest) the hospitable queen

In Ida gallies gay,

Old Néreus bade the swelling sea

And winds unwilling lie;

While thus HE sung unto the boy

His dire fatidic lay,

2. With evil bird, on evil day,

Thou bear'st away,

If no false augur I am,

10

Whom Greece shall soon reclaim, and rise

Conjúr'd, to break thy marriage ties,

And empire of Old Priam.

3. What labours, horse and foot I see,

What toils in blood and massacre?

15

See Pallas in her car,

With crested helm and Ægid dread,

See how she shakes it o'er thy head,

And wakes the din of war.

4. Vain fierce, with Venus by your side,

Your guide and guardian fair,

You comb your flowing pride,

And to the bells around your chair,

To measures of the soft guitar,

Of *very little use* in war,*

25

The tender lay divide.

5. In

*There is a vein of humour and ironic reproach runs through this ode, never properly touch'd yet by commentator or translator.

5. In vain to stately rooms you run,
 And scenes of blood, and hurry shun,
 Nor light-foot Ajax pressing on,
 Nor Gnoſſian ſhaſts ſuſtain ; 30
 Yet thoſe *adulterous* treſſes muſt
~~Alas ! at laſt in common duſt~~
 Be fouléd on the plain.

6. See'ſt not—deſtruction in his face,
 Ulyſſes, bane of all thy race ? 35
 And, bending with the load of years,
 Neſtor, Pylian ſage, appears ;
 And Teucer for the bow or ſpear,
 And Sthenelus, devoid of fear,
 To urge the dart, or rule the car, 40
 Expert in every art of war ;

7. And Mérian too, in battle warm,
 You'll be *acquainted* with his arm ;
 See Tydídes all on fire,
 * In arms ſuperior to his fire, 45
 How he rages round to find thee,
 And now,—look now,—he's cloſe behind thee,

8. Whom thou, like ſtag ſhall *ſtoutly* ſhun,
 When he the wolf at diſtance eyes,
 And, heedleſs of the flow'ry lawn, 50
 To covert panting, breathleſs flies,
 Not promis'd *thus* to thine ; a to thy Helen

9. But ſoon ſhall come the day of doom,
 And vengeful wrath divine,

To

* Theſe are circumſtances of no ſmall terror, as Paris, who is ſuppoſed to hear this prophecy in ſpirit, muſt have been well acquainted with the character of Ulyſſes and the other Grecian heroes, while he ſojourn'd in the court of Menelaus.

To thee, and Phrygian race, 55
 Achilles' fires—I see them rise,
 And now, behold they mount the skies,
 And Troy is all in blaze.

ODE XVI. To TYNDARIS.

O matrē Pūlchrā filiā Pūlchrīor.
 Quēm crīmīnōsis cūncq̄e vōlēs mōdūm
 Pōnēs iāmbīs.

1. **F**AIR daughter of a mother fair,
 My criminous Iambics ^d tear, ^d never spare
 Commit 'em to the flame,
 Commit 'em to the Adrian seas,
 Sink, burn, destroy, do what you please 5
 To end my guilt and shame.
2. Nor madding Bacchus when resound
 His orgies, on Cythéron-mound,
 Nor Corybantes, when they clatter, —
 And all their brazen cymbals batter, 10
 Nor priest posselt of Pythian guest,
 In furious roll, can shake the soul
 Like ire's perturbing pest,
3. Nought, by the wrecking seas, deterr'd,
 The wasting fire, or Noric sword, 15
 Nor the tremendous hand above,
 Of fulminating Jove.

4. Prome-

4. *Prometheus, when he first began
 ('Tis said) his clay-created man,
 With Principles of life endow'd
 From every savage brood,
 And from the lion's fiery heart,
 He thrust too much o'th' peccant part
 Into his stomach proud.

5. From wrath, what train of evil flows?
 By thee, Thyestes' royal house
 In desolation rent,
 And late imperial cities, now
 O'erwhelm'd, the victor insolent
 Turns with his hostile plough.

6. Allay thy rage—to say the truth
 I too have felt, in fervid youth,
 Too much of this same spleen,
 Which set me first in rage accurst,
 On these Iambics keen;
 ‡ My peevish vein to placid strain,

I change

The Allegory continued; in Swift's style.

* Prometheus, when he first began
 To form his clay-created man,
 To fit him justly to his station
 He ransack'd all the brute creation
 For principles innate;
 The Lion lent majestic mien,
 The Tyger fierceness, Monkey spleen,
 The Fox his wily cheat,
 And not a little of the Ass
 Was mix'd in th' heterogenous mass,
 To make the MAN complete.

Allegory continued.

‡ I've been the Lion in my days,
 The Tyger, Ass, and what you please,
 My peevish vein to placid strain
 I change, now mild and calm,
 If you recall th' ungracious part,
 Relent, and give me back your heart,
 Henceforth I'll be the lamb.

F

I change repentant calm,
 If you recall your angry part,
 Relent, and give me back your heart
 In whilom kindly flame.

40

I have taken uncommon pains with this ode, it is Horace's Apology to an injured Lady;
 and his translator's to all—whom he may, at any time have offended.

O D E XVII.

Vēlōx āmænūm scepē Lūcrētīlēm.

1. **S**WIFT Pan, who loves th' Arcadian plains,
 Exchanges oft Lycéan scenes
 For my Lucrétile seat,
 He screens my flocks from squally rains
 And summer's parching heat.

5

2. The reeking husband and his bride
 Roam careless by my river's side
 In quest of * Arbutus and Thyme;
 Nor fear the ' prowling wolf, or snake, emartial, in Hor.
 Or the green serpent of the brake,
 In my innoxious clime.

10

3. However sweet thy bard in sound,
 Ustica's slope and rocks rebound
 To pipe, Apollo lent me;
 The muse unto the gods is dear,
 My harmless piety they cheer,
 They give me more than plenty,
 All honours of the rural year,
 Their copious, kind, rich horn is here,
 Take freely what they sent me;

15

20

4. Here in some valley's deep retreat
 You'll shun the dog star's sultry heat,

And

And, tasting * harmless Lesbian neat, a mildest.

On Teian string rehearse me,

How both one absent Lord bewail, 25

United in the tale,

At once the faithful, and the *frail*

Penelopé and *Circé*.

5. Nor turbid jar of Thracian war,

Of Mars and Bacchus fear,

Nor Cyrus rude, *a* pursuing bold, a suspecting. 30

(Ill match'd to Venus' softest mould,)

With hand incontinent, to tear,

The honours of thy brow,

Thy undeserving vest and hair, 35

He shall not touch one lock, I vow,

Of my protected fair.

* *Për nēmūs arbütös*

Quærunt latentes.

ODE XVIII. TO VARUS.

*Nüllām Vārē sãcrã vitē priūs sēvērīs arbõrēm
Circã mītē solum Tyburis, et mænia Catili.*

1. **V**ARUS, prefer no plant at all

To Bacchus' sacred vine,

15 Round Tybur, and her soil benign,

And Catilus' old wall.

2. All's hard and harsh, in every shape, 5

Doom'd, by thee Father of the grape,

To the unmoisten'd soul;

20 Dry cares the heart corrosive wear

Which Bacchus, only, lenient cheers

F 2

3. What

3. What soldier heeds the toils of war 10
 Or Want, what sailor former fears,
 O'er thy all-healing bowl?
 Jocund in lays ^a to sing thy praise, ^{a the god to raise.}
 With Venus, queen of grace.
4. Admonish'd, prudent not to pass 15
 The virtues of a temperate glass,
 By Semeleian fire,
 To Lapithæ, and Centaur race,
 And to the madding sons of Thrace,
 Tremendous in his ire. 20
5. When in the taper's doubling light
 They know no bounds of wrong and right,
 Ungovernable greedy lust,
 Sole measure of all good and just,
 When wrath and wine conspire. 25
6. * O god of candour fill my breast,
 Unshaken may thy Thyrsus rest,
 Nor will I to the winds unveil
 What thy mysterious leaves conceal.
7. Far hence—the clangor of alarms 30
 With horn, and trump, and timbrel fed,
 Which savage Berecynthians warms,
 By blind self-love and folly led,
 And vanity's light lifted head
 Abroad, in vacant glory spread; 35
 And falshood prodigally shews
 As glass transparent, all she knows.

* *Candide Baffareu*, from the Hebrew *Batsar vindemiator*. See Buxtorf.

O D E XIX

Mātēr sāvā Cūpīdīnūm.

HORACE mad in love with Glycerā.

1. **T**HE ^a cruel queen of soft desires ^{a Tyrant}
 With Semeleian Bacchus' aid
 My heart, with loves-forgotten, fires,
 And my ^d licentious blood conspires ^{d lascivious}
 To wake the embers dead. 5

2. Now Glycerā's my soul's delight,
 As purest Parian polish'd, bright,
 Sweet wanton in coquetish grace,
 * The glist'ning lustre of her face
 Too dazzling for the sight. 10

3. § The Queen forsakes her Paphian throne,
 And rushes all, on me alone;
 I cannot sing, nor strike a string,
 My heart is touch'd so sore; 15

4. The Scythians unregarded go,
 (What to the purpose now?)
 The Parthians are to me no foe,
 Who when they run most mettle shew,
 Apollo is no more. 20

5. Here boy—the green sod altar raise,
 And bring me vervain and my bays,
 Wine, incense for the skies;
 Then, she will be more coming kind,
 The ⁿ queen, shall give a better mind, ^{n Venus.}
 Atton'd by sacrifice 25

O D E

* The dazzling lustre of her face

Too ^d slipp'ry for the sight.^{d i. e.} dangerous.

§ Sure, Venus quits her Paphian throne.

O D E XX. To MÆCENAS.

Vilē pōtābis mōdicis Sābinūm
 Cantharis, græca quod ego ipse testa
 Conditum levi, datus in theatro
 cum tibi Plausus.

1. **I**N sober cups from Grecian jar
 Cheap Sabin wine, to day thy share,
 Mæcenas, seal'd laid by with care,
 I mark't it with this clause,
 To wit, the day the theatre
 Receiv'd thee with applause. 5

2. * The vocal nymph return'd the sound,
 And wafting the acclaim,
 Illustrious KNIGHT, unto thy name,
 At once did thy paternal stream,
 And Vatican rebound. 10

3. The Cæcube, and well tam'd Calene,
 My cellars too afford,
 But, temper'd with mild Formiane,
 Or juice of hills Falerniane, 15
 No cups,—my humble board.

* Clare Mæcenas eques ut paterni
 Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
 Rederet laudes tibi vaticani
 Montis imago.

ODE XXI.

*The Hymn to APOLLO and DIANA, sung by a Choir of
Boys and Girls.*

BOYS.

YE tender nymphs Diana praise

VIRGINS.

Ye boys, unshorn Apollo raise,

THE CHORUS.

And parent of each lucid frame

Latona lov'd of Jove supreme,

BOYS.

Sing ye, her plains and woodland scenes

Who Erymanthus loves,

And blackest forests spread

O'er Algid and green Cragus' head,

The Goddess of the groves.

VIRGINS.

And Tempe's ever blooming spring,

His Cynthus, and his Delos sing

Renown'd for birth divine,

Whose shoulders beaming heavenly fire,

Graced with fraternal warbling lyre,

And golden quiver shine.

CHORUS.

By your orgies, pious airs

By your vows and pious pray'rs,

They'll avert from Cæsar far,

Plague, and inimical woes,

Wretched famine, weeping war,

From people, and the prince afar,

To Parthians, Britons, and our foes.

ODE

ODE XXIII. To ARISTOTUS TUSEUS.

Intēger vitæ scēlērūque purus,
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu,
 Nec venenatis, grāvīda, sagittis,
 Fūscē phārētrā.

1. **T**HE man of conscience clear
 And pure, of guilt and guile,
 Needs not the Mauritanian arts,
 Of quiver stuff with poison'd darts,
 O'er realms of GANGES and the Nile
 He walks without a fear.

2. * Integrity undaunted goes,
 O'er burning fyrtes, alps of snow,
 And where Hydaspes fabulous,
 Thy hideous torrents flow.

3. For, as I careless pass'd along
 And troll'd my Lalagē in song,
 Far, through the Sabine woods I stray'd,
 By Lalagē so charm'd
 A wolf enormous met, and fled,
 He fled from me unarm'd.

4. A monster,—such was never bred
 In martial Daunia's ^a forest lands, ^a oak-grown.
 Nor Juba, in thy deserts fed,
 Dry, tawny lion-nursing sands.

5. Place me, then on the lifeless plain,
 Where summer breeze ne'er wav'd the trees,
 Nor " cheer'd, the joyless swain, ^{" nor warm'd}

* O'er parch't Barbarian Syrtes goes
 Or alps of Scythian snow.

Where fog eternal reigns, and where,
 Malignant Jove torments the year, 25
 Or be Numidian realms my lot,
 The fiery rolling car too near,
 Deny'd a house or cot.

6. My sweetly smiling Lalage',
 And as the bird of spring, * 30
 The sweetly chaunting—night and day
 I'll love, and ever sing.

* Of sweetest voice my Lalage;

O DE XXIII. TO CHLOE.

Vitās Hinnūlēō, mē, sīmīlis Chlōē
 Quærenti pavidam, montibus aviis,
 Matrem, non sine vano,
 Montiumque et filuæ metu.

1. CHLOE, like a skittish filly,
 Chloé shuns me like a fawn,
 Bounding over low and hilly,
 Devious over wood and lawn
 Seeking dam, in piteous moan. 5

2. Not without her panic fears,
 Quick, at every breath she hears,
 * Leaf a shivering on the trees,
 Insect buzzing in the breeze,
 Panting heart, and trembling knees. 10

* If a bird the bushes shake
 Or green lizard stir the brake.

G

3. I've

3. I've no claw nor tyger-eye,
 I'm no Lybian lion I,
 Pursuing, snatcht from tender dam,
 Cruel lacerating, lamb.
4. Cease at length thy vain alarms, 15
 Mature in all thy virgin charms,
 For man now leave thy mother's arms.

O D E XXIV. To VIRGIL,

On the Death of QUINTILIUS VARUS,

Addressed to the Memory of Mr. R. CLAY, of LIVERPOOL.

Quis, desiderio fit pudor aut modus
 Tam chari capitis, præcipe lugubres
 Cantus Mēlpōmēnē, cui liquidam pater
 Vōcēm, cūm cithārā dedit.

1. **W**HAT shame, or bound, in loss so dear,
 T' o'erflowings of the pious tear?
 Melpomenè the dirge begin,
 Heaven-blest'd, the deepest of the nine,
 With melting voice, and lyre divine, 5
 Accompany his bier.
2. Alas! our dear Quintilius lies * ΚΑΙΤΑΙ ΠΑΤΡΟΚΛΟΣ.
 Eternal sleep has clos'd his eyes,
 To whom ye spotless sisters rare;
 O modesty of aspect mild, 10
 And probity, of heart unsoil'd,
 And faith, and truth of bosom bare,

* When will ye shew, in sons of men,
Through endless time, his like again?

3. A Thousand weeping o'er his pall, 15
Though byt he good lamented all,
O Virgil hine the deepest moan,
As parent o'er her dying son;
† Vain-pious bending o'er his urn
Unto the gods you mourn, 20
Ah! not so given, by doom of heaven,
Requesting, wish't return.

4. Tho' sweeter than Orphéan mood,
Thy lyre could tame the tyger brood,
And lure the list'ning woods, 25
Ah! ne'er recall'd by Thracian strain,
Must be restor'd to phantom vain,
Re-animating floods.

5. Whom

* The celebrated Epitaph of Sir Philip Sidney's sister, mentioned by Addison. Spect. No. 322, turns upon the same thought, but much more poetically expressed by our English bard;

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke .

Underneath this marble Hearse
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother :
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, as good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

In Latin thus: *Condi:ur hoc tumulo sapiens pia fida matrona,
Argumentum ingens carminis, atque decus,
Pulchra tibi Sydneye soror, tibi Pembroche mater,
Nobilitate pari fulget utrinque domus;
Huic virtute prius similem, quam tollere possis,
Et telo TEMPUS, mors fera te, feriet.*

† Vain pious to the gods you mourn
Imploring o'er his urn
(Ah! not so given
By will of heaven)
Unfatable return.

5. Whom Hermes once, with horrid rod 30
 a Compels, unto the Stygian crowd, a hath gather'd to
 To tears unpiteous He;
 To break eternal fates decree
 Inexorable God.
 Hard! but with fortitude endure,
 † 'Twill sooth the b ails we cannot cure. 35
b illa

† 'Twill lighten what we cannot cure. in Hor.

ODE XXV. To LYDIA.

Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras.
 Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi
 Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
 Janua limen
 Quæ prius multum facilis movebat
 Cardines. &c.

1. I'm told the herd of rakes profess'd,
 Thy windows rarely now infest,
 Nor break thy gates, nor placid rest,
 Impertinent, in riot;
 Thy door once kindly pleas'd to move
 On pliant hinge, begins to love
 And hugs her threshold quiet.
2. And less and less—you hear in song,
 “ Thy faithful lover weeps,
 “ Ah! perishing the cold night long;
 “ My cruel Lydia sleeps, 80
3. Now thou in turn, shalt weep and burn,
 Decay'd, and vain, in porch or lane, And

And hear the taunts of proud gallants,
 And in tempestuous low'r
 The † Southern raging o'er the plain,
 Most in the lowest lunar wane,
 And plying late without a mate,
 Shalt stand the drenching show'r.

15

5. What flagrant lust of blood, and flame
 Infuriates the filly's dam

20

† In vernal maddest roam;
 Shall at thy fervid marrow lie,
 And in thy ulcer'd liver fry
 Unquench'd in ^b plangent doom ^b plaintive.
 That—lovers pass thee with a frown,
 And leave thee there to shiver,
 Their brows with recent garlands crown,
 And throw dry wint'ry branches down,
 § Confocial Hebers's river.

25

30

† Thracian, in Hor. for any squally wind.

† This furor of the madding mares is finely touch'd by Virgil, Geor. 3, v. 266.

Scilicet ante omnes furor est insignis equarum

Et mentem Venus ipsa dedit—

Illas ducit amor trans Gargara transque sonantem &c.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus, &c.

We often catch Horace and Virgil contending in expression and sentiment, and in lucky hit of phrase (*curiosa felicitas*) Horace often surpasses him, but in grace and dignity Virgil is always his superior.

§ Hyemis sodali

Dedicet Hebro; a cold wintry river, like thyself.

O D E XXVI. To LAMIA.

Mufis amicus:

1. **B**LEST in my dear Calliopé,
 I fling away all gloomy care
 To the tempestuous winds to tear,
 Or drown in Adrian sea.
2. What is't to me what tyrant reigns
 O'er Arctic, or Antarctic plains? 5
 Secure of every fear that vexes
 And Tiridates' much perplexes;
 O muse! that lov'st the purest spring,
 Thy early choicest fragrance bring, 10
 And weaving round his temples spread
 Thy richest wreath, without thy aid,
 My honours grace not Lamia's head.
3. Refit and tune the Lesbian lyre,
 Let every Sister join in choir; 15
 'Tis yours to consecrate (ye Nine)
 And in deserv'd applause combine.

O D E XXVII.

Nātis in ūfūm lētitiæ ſcyphīs
 Pugnare, Thracum eſt, tollite barbarum
 Mōrē, vērēcūndūmq̃ue Bācchūm
 Sāngūinēis prōhibētē rixīs.

1. **T**O break our heads when ſupper's ended
 With cups, for better uſe intended,
 And Thracian like, attack us,

Away

Away, with your barbarian rage,
And manners of a savage age,
The combats of the bloody stage,
Unknown to gentle Bacchus.

2. What has wine and festal board
To do, with scymeter and sword,
And Lapithéan riot?

Immense disparity! ye boys
Compress your sacrilegious noise,
And keep your elbows quiet.

3. If I'm invited to take part
Of your Falerne austere,
Let young Megillus first declare
The Venus of his heart.

4. What, does the simple boy deny?
Won, on no other terms, I swear,
Will I to taste comply;

You need not blush in rustic shame,
To tell whose dart you feel,
I know, some fair ingenuous name,
You always sin genteel.

5. Entrust thy dear, to secret ear;

They whisper

O! wretched boy how lost
In what a false Charybdis tost
Well worthy better flame?

6. What forcery, what magic skill,
What god is there who can, or will,
Such Circé-charms control?

Scarce Pegasus can disengage
Thy, (from triform Chimæra rage)
Unhappy fetter'd soul.

Q D E

O D E XXVIII.

A DIALOGUE, between a MARINER and ARCHYTAS.

Te maris, et terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ
Menforem, cohibent, Archyta.

M A R I N E R.

1. **T**HE numberless sands, earth, ocean and sky,
Archytas, you measur'd all o'er
And for want of a handful of dust on the shore
* Confined, unhappy you lie. excluded.

2. What importeth it now, that with high-daring soul,
You compass'd the Arctic, and antarctic pole,
Around the wide globe, stars, and planets to fly,
"Unavailing—short destin'd to die?" or thee shortly to die

A R C H Y T A S.

3. O son of sea, we all obey,
However wise and great,
The fire of Pelops, tho' a guest
Admitted to Ambrosial feast,
Achilles soon, Tithonus late,
And Minos call'd by gods above
To synods of eternal jove,
Like me submit to fate.

4. And twice the "fire delaps'd to hell, i. e. Pythagoras
Euphorbus, when at Troy he fell,
Attesting by his shield well known,
Proud death could little boast his own
From him, but mouldring flesh and bone,

* Wandering, excluded from the mansions of bliss, for want of burial rites.

No sordid judge of nature's laws,
Of truth, and every secret cause
You'll own with me, his sage applause.

5. But all who ope the gates of light,
This gloomy path must tread 25
And one forever clouding-night
Envelopes every head.

6. Dense crowds of young, and old are gone,
In * spectacle to horrid Mars
Some by the furies thrown, 30
And some by Pallas' fervid wars,
The seas the greedy merchant drown,
Dire Pluto spares not one.

7. Me, with Orion fierce engaged
In his " descending ray, a i. e. in declination. 35
His comrade Auster high enraged,
Plung'd in th' Illyric sea.

8. O sailor vague from strand to strand,
Be not of hard malignant heart 40
And parcimonious hand,
But to unhumed bones impart
One grasp of flitting sand.

9. Thus Eurus and the threatening star
Shall the Hesperian seas forbear, 45
On Appennine in vengeance spent,
Or forests Venusine torment,
And thee forever spare.

* The combats of the gladiators.

10. Thus be unmeasur'd treasures ow'd
 To thee, by land and sea,
 From righteous Jove, and heaven above,
 And Neptune conservating God
 Of the Tarentine bay.

50

11. Dost thou disdain this slender grace?
 Dire judgments shall attend
 Default, and on thy harmless race
 Unmerited descend,

55

12. The same proud fate, shall on thee wait,
 I'll not unvengèd lie,
 And thou neglected rites shalt mourn
 Alike in merciless return,
 No victim-flood shall purge thy blood
 From sin of blackest die,

60

13. Altho' in haste, unfriendly prest,
 It asks no long delay,
 Thrice heave thy hand, and sprinkle sand,
 Then hoisting sail—away.

65

This Ode was undoubtedly written with a design to explode the superstitious notions (too far carried) of the rites paid to the dead, whose souls were supposed to wander hundred years, excluded, for want of a handful of dust.

O D E XXIX. To Iccius,

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
 Gazis, et acrem militiam paras.

1. **Y**OU cast a longing eye, I'm told,
 On BLEST ARABIA's glittering gold,
 Are meditating dreadful murders
 To Medes, and all the Red Sea borders.

5. What

2. What kings subdu'd, what delug'd gore
Of realms, ne'er conquer'd heretofore!
What nymph, or queen, the monarch slain,
To serve thee, brought in Roman chain,
What boy, what prince thy Ganymede
To hand thy cup, and side-board spread?
Curious in paternal arts,
To draw the bow and filken darts.
3. I hold, that any river's course,
May now roll backward to it's source,
The Tyber now may re-ascend,
And to the Sabin mountains tend;
4. When thou hast—all thy purchas'd store,
Socratic, Greek and Latin lore,
With Plato, Academic Prince,
And all the family of sense
In order rang'd, for arms exchang'd,
And nobler promises, † portended,
All in a Spanish target ended.

* *Longing, envious eye.*] In this Ode, Horace attacks many more besides Iccius. Ælius Gallus in his expedition, says he was sent by Augustus against the Sabæans, because that Prince had heard they were a people rich in gold, silver, and spices. Perhaps the poet intended this stroke of satire on the avarice of Augustus, which was his sole motive to undertake that war, although he hath artfully, and less dangerously, applied it to Iccius. *Augustus Ælium Gallum in Sabæos misit, quod audiret ex omni tempore ditissimos esse, qui & auro, et argento, & pretiosis lapidibus aromata permutarent.* SAN.

† *Atqui vultus erat multa et præclara minantis.*

O D E XXX. To VENUS.

O Vēnūs, rēgīnā Cnīdī, Pāphīquē,
Spērnē dīlēc̄tām Cyprōn, & vōcāntīs
Thure te multo Glycēræ decoram
Trānsfēr īn ædēm.

1. **O** VENUS, queen of beauty, whom
Cythéra, Cyprus, Cnidus own ;
Forfake to-night thy Paphian throne,
Thy fairest ^a Gly'cé hails, ^{a Glycera.}
With breathing Arabéan gales ;
Translated in all honours come,
With smiling loves, and fervid son,
And bless her decorated dome.
2. Bring nymphs and graces debonair,
Zone unloos'd, and bosom bare,
YOUTH, * UNCOMELY, without thee ;
And jocund Mercury. †

* Little comely, in Hor. i. e. Libertine and brutal without thee and the Graces, or stupid and rustic without animating love.

† I have seen this ode wittily imitated by a good hand ; and as well as I can recollect, ended thus,
Lest man or maid
Should want his aid,
Let Mercury come with thee

O D E XXXI.

To APOLLO, at the Dedication of his Temple, by AUGUSTUS.

Qūid dēdicātūm pōscīt Apōllīnēm
Vates ? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem ? non opimas
Sārdīniæ sēgētēs fērācīs.

1. **W**HEN Phœbus, I libations pour
Unto thy dedicated shrine,
What shall thy poet first implore
With sacrifice and wine ?

2. Not

2. Not harvests of the "golden grain" "opimous grain in H. 5
 That smile on rich Sardinia's plain,
 Nor gold, or stone or precious bone,
 * Nor lowing herds, nor flocks that bleat
 In wide Calabria's "sultry heat," "Shadeless."
 Nor banks that Lyrus placid laves 10
 Abrading, with his silent waves.
3. Ye merchants press your Formiane,
 Blest in this happy share,
 And deep the "golden goblets drain," "merchants,"
 "Replenish'd by your Syrian ware." "Recruited." 15
4. Dear to the Gods, to Fortune dear,
 Who, with impunity
 Pass, and repass each rolling year
 Th' Atlantic wrecking sea.
5. Thy bard to humble olives yields 20
 † Soft mauves and falllets of his fields;
 Sound in mind and body's health
 To taste my "little rural wealth" "ready."
 This let me first require,
 And sinking in not-worthless age
 To tread "in honour my last stage," "with comfort." 25
 And not without thy Lyre.

* Nor flocks in æstuating furs
 Spread o'er Calabria's shadeless downs.

† And falllets of his wholesome fields.

ODE XXXII. *To his LYRE.*

Pōscimūr sī quīd vācūī sūb ūmbrā
 Lūsimus tecum, quod & hunc in annum
 Vivat, & plures, age dic Latinum,
 Bārbītē, cārmē;

1. **W**E'RE call'd †—if e'er with thee in shade
 O SHELL, I toy'd and vacant play'd,
 Resound a lasting Latian lay
 To years, and to the latest day;

2. Attuned first by Lesbian hand,
 Blest in alternate fire,
 " Bold in the fields of bloody Mars, # great
 Nor less amid the din of wars,
 * His bark becalm'd, or drove to land,
 Sung Venus and her choir,

3. The Graces and the ^d fervid boy, d adherent,
 The Muses, Venus queen of joy;
 And Semeleian fire,
 And Lycé, neck and bosom fair,
 Of blackest dye, her piercing eye,
 And black her comely hair.
 The Muse's, Phœbus' grace and love
 Caress'd at feasts of highest Jove,
 Thou ever pleasing Shell,
 Sweet-soothing every bitter care,
 Benignant to my † pious pray'r,
 O Shell for ever hail.

† We're call'd upon to sing the Carmen Sæculare, by Augustus, &c.

* His tossing bark releas'd to land.

† Riteful, in Horace; i. e. made according to the form prescribed in the Ritu

O D E XXXIII. *To Albius Tibullus*

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glyceræ, neu miserabiles
Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior
Læsa pæniteat fide.

1. **W**HY wailing thus, so long complain,
And miserably-mindful strain
Thy Céan elegiac vein

That, *a* barbarously Glycerá *a* mercylefs thy.

In perjur'd troth prefers to thee

A new and younger swain? 5

2. † Lycóris (low and graceful brow)

The loves of Cyrus burn,

And Cyrus thine for Pholoe glow,

And each is scorn'd in turn; 10

For sooner hind and wolf shall bind,

Than she with Cyrus, filthy beau,

Her utmost hate, be join'd.

3. So doom'd, it seems, by Cupid God,

And Venus, who in cruel joke,

Oft links these couples odd, 15

Unequal dragging brazen yoke,

Proud, humble, false and good.

4. I too, in whilom better days

When Venus rul'd my heart with ease,

Have felt the curse of nymph perverse,^o 20

Too pleasing Myrtalé,

• A haughty Dame (enfranchis'd slave,) 25

Uncertain as the wicked wave

That frets th' Apulian bay. O D E

† Lycoris remarkable for her low, and graceful forehead, was once mistress to Gallus, whom she forsook for Marc. Antony.

*Galle quid insanis, inquit, tua cura Lycoris,
Perque nives alium, perque horrida castra secuta est.*

Virg. Ecl. X.

ODE XXXIV.

Parcus Deorum cultor, & infrequens
 Infanientis dum sapientiæ
 Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
 Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
 Cogor relictos;

1. **A**DORER infrequent and cold,
 Of awful Gods and their abodes,
 While in the madding science roll'd
 Vague wisdom I explore,
 Aberrant in the current's force,
 With backing sail, and better gale,
 My bark reploughs her devious course
 And paths she held of yore.

2. I own the cloud-dividing God
 Dispenses terrors with his nod,
 In rolling car, through liquid air,
 His winged thunder flies,
 Inflaming oft serenest skies,
 And rends the ^a rocking mound, ^{a lofty.}
 Shakes the brute mass of earth around,
 The heaving seas Atlantic bound,
 The realms of Dis, and vast abyss
 Of TÆNARUS profound;

3. Hence Fortune with rapacious hand,
 Shall from her vertical proud stand,
 With shrilly-grating jar o'erthrow
 The monarch in her frown,
 The haughty bow, exalt the low,
 And smiling dignify the clown.

ODE

ODE XXXV. To FORTUNE.

O Divā, grātūm quāe rēgis Antiūm,
Præfens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos:

1. **P**UISSANT Queen who tak'st thy stand
Commanding fairest Antian land;
Present, to raise with sovran hand,
And dignify the slave;
Nor slack to overthrow the proud, 5
Exchanging purple for a shrowd,
And triumphs for the GRAVE.

2. The toiling swain solicits thee,
Thee (emprefs of the sea)
All calling hail and court thy gale, 10
Who vex with stout Bithynian keel
The Bosphor, and Ægée.

The Scythian vague, the rugged Dace,
And, fierce in arms, thy Latian race,
15 Towns, kingdoms, nations own;
And haughty turban'd head,
Barbarian mother queens confess,
Tremendous purple tyrants dread
Surrounded on their throne.

Lest with indignant foot thou spurn, 20
And the proud column overturn,
And rouse to rage a peaceful age,
And pull old empires down.

5. Thy Lictor, dire Necessity,
 With Iron hand precedeth thee,
 Impailing nails of brazen head,
 And forcing wedge and molten lead; 25
6. And Hope and fond Credulity,
 Thy pages, ever wait on thee,
 And Faith of open bosom bare;
 In purest white of ermine bright, 30
 Comes Honour fair (in mortals rare)
 With thee they range,
 Altho' thou, inimical, change
 In humble garb, and frown severe, 35
 From palace to the cot;
7. False crowd, and perjur'd harlot flee,
 And courtly friends as false as she,
 (The cask exhausted to the lee)
 The cup's last bitter draught; 40
 Fallacious, sinking from thy stroke,
 Reluctant to the fellow yoke.
8. O sovran of this earthly frame,
 Be Cæsar thy peculiar claim,
 Protect him, and his train, 45
 Now issuing to the earth's extreme
 The Britons, utmost race of men;
 Propitious to Hesperian hosts,
 * And to his recent swarms,
 Who bear the terror of his arms 50
 Unto the Red Sea coasts.

* There were two armies levied, one against Britain, the other for the Eastern coasts,

9. Conceal, O shame ! dishonest scars,
Fraternal, parricidal wars

Of our nefarious age ;

† What altar or what sacred shrine,

What fane not criminally tore,

What sacrilege have we forbore

Unaw'd by human or divine,

In our licentious rage ?

10. Reforge the blood-stain'd, blunted steel

† In Roman brother breast,

And let the Massagætæ feel

And the rebellious East.

† The rapines of the Romans in their provinces, were immense. Pompey first strip'd the Temple of Jerusalem; which was afterwards plunder'd and gutted by Crassus, in his expedition to Parthia. See Josephus.

† Very applicable to Great Britain at this time.

O D E XXXVI. To LAMIA.

Et thūre, & fidibūs jūvāt

Placare, & vituli sanguine debito

Custodes Nūmīdæ Deos ;

Qui nunc,

1. **N**OW heap the fire, and hand my lyre,
Sweet Arabéan burn,

Give victims due, and pour the floods

Unto the conserving gods,

For Numida's return.

2. From farthest Spain a welcome guest

My Numida to every breast,

- To many he divides his heart,
 But Lamia has the * warmest part,
3. Remember'd well, in infant play 10
 Their friendship first began,
 Together school'd, together they
 Assum'd the togue of man.
5. Pontifically crown the feast 15
 With richest stamp of Cæcube blest.
 Ye boys and girls with nimble feet
 The tripping Salian measures beat,
 With endless song and endless dance,
 Mirth, thy bowl in hand advance ;
5. Who the hardy Apium brings 20
 § Rose and lilly, short-liv'd things,
 Type of youth on flitting wings ?
 Nor Damalis in Thracian cup
 Renownéd, shall with Bassus cope ;
6. All gaze affix'd on Damaly 25
 With lack-lustre gloting eye ; †
 But she by new gallant carefs'd,
 Shall grow unsever'd to his breast,
 Close as lascivious ambient vine,
 Or wanton ivies round the poplar twine. 30

* A thousand blisses he receives,
 A thousand pressing kisses gives.

Verses address'd to a Hot-house Rose.

§ In early morn I saw thee born,
 At noon in youth display'd,
 I call'd at eve. O blushing Rose,
 So, swift the day of beauty flows,
 Ah ! languid, fading, dead.

† *Oculi putres.* For this cadaverous gloting eye, see Hogarth's Modern Midnight Conversation.

ODE

O D E XXXVII. *To his COMPANIONS.*

Nūnc ēst bibēdūm, nūnc pēdē libērō

Pulsanda tellus; nunc Saliaribus

Ornare pulvinar Deorum

Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

1. NOW give a flow to wine and mirth,
And freely beat the green-sod earth,
Ye Saliars crown th' abodes,
And deck the couches of the gods,
And bring old ^a Cæcubē forth; ^a pontifical wines. 5

2. E'er this 'twas sacrilegious sin
To haul him from his mouldy bin,
While the mad Queen prepar'd our fate,
To fire the Capitolian dome,
The downfall of imperial Rome, 10
Of Cæsar and the state;

3. With her obscene distemper'd train,
Contaminated race;
* Intoxicated with success,
To madness wrought, with the full draught 15
Of ⁿ Mareotic fumes, ⁿ wines of Egypt

She impotently vain presumes
And raves of empire—nothing less,
† Unbounded in her aims;
Soon marr'd—her visionary dreams 20
Subdu'd to sober tears,
And no ideal fears,

When scarce a single ship return'd,
Her vanquish'd fleets the ^d victor burn'd; ^d Augustus burn'd

* Antony and his generals had subdued all the East, and she made no doubt of being mistress of the West, and transferring the seat of Empire to Alexandria.

† What not in frantic brain?
Soon marr'd her visionary scene.

4. Impelling close with wind and oar
 From Actian, to her Memphian shore,
 (As falcon stooping from above
 Impetuous on the warless dove,
 Swift, as pursues the Hunter train,
 The timid hare in chace,
 Or o'er the wide Æmonian plain
 Or cliffs of snowy Thrace ;)
 Resolv'd to hold in chains repress'd,
 Triumphal grace, this monster pest.
5. But she above her sex elate
 Already fix'd in nobler fate,
 Nor weak abhorr'd
 In female fears, the pointed sword ;
 Nor " lurking seeks the winding creeks ^{latent.}
 † Of Nile in close retreat ;
7. Beheld with countenance serene,
 Her court, and desolated reign,
 Deliberate undaunted fair
 Now fiercer by despair,
 She dares to grasp the angry Asp,
 And ‡ pressing in her latest breath ;
 She deep imbib'd the black envenom'd death ;
8. Disdainfully defrauds the host,
 And victor, of his promis'd boast ;

† Read in Hor. *Nec latentes*

*Classe cita peraravit oras—*for *reparavit oras.*

‡ *Asperas*] This word, taken in the sense of *exacerbatus-asperatus*, forms a very beautiful image, and exactly agreeable to history; for Plutarch tells us, that she provoked the Asp to greater fury by pricking it with a golden bodkin. *Aspidem perhibent aureo ipsam laceissentis & stimulantis arripuisse Cleopatrae brachium.*

High Ptoleméan bred;

50

No tame one she, ^a DEPOS'D, * to be

^a no princefs.

In haughty triumph led.

Privata deduci superbo. DEPOSED, and strip'd of her crown, is the brilliant word, which heightens the picture—omitted in all our translations.

Non humilis mulier. Dacier finds great fault with the word mulier as low, mean, insupportable in this sublime Ode:

O D E XXXVIII. To his Boy.

Pērsicōs ōdī, pūēr, āppārātūs :

Displīcent nexæ philyra coronæ :

Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum

Sērā mōrētūr.

BOY, I hate this apparatus,
What plague these Persian modes create us ?

Binding ^a Phylireas I hate, ^a Linden bark.

Seek no more for roses late

Out of season out of date ;

5

Myrtle bound around my hair,

Needs no more officious care,

* Nought at all amiss in thee,

Prime-minister, of wine ;

Nor unworthy mine, or me,

10

† Carousing neath an arched vine.

* Nought amiss, in not being better provided on this trifling occasion.

† Gay beneath, &c.

The short, snappish, splenetic phrase well preserv'd, is the only beauty of this trifling Ode.

Perficos odi.

Displīcent nex æ

Mitte Sectari &c.

THE

THE SECOND

B O O K

OF THE

ODES *of* HORACE.ODE I. *To* ASINIUS POLLIO, *Writing the History of*
his own Times.

Motum ex Metello consule civicum,
 Bellique causas, & vitia, & modos,
 Ludūmque Fortunæ, gravēsq̃ue
 Principum amicitiās, & arma.

1. **Y**OU open the first source of woes,
 Which in Metellus' year arose,
 Modes, means, and every vitious cause,
 Intestine feuds, and public wars,
 The sport of Fortune and of Mars, 5
 False coalitions of the great,
 And friendships fatal to the state ;
2. (A dangerous cast of die) and tread
 Infidious fires, and latent ires
 With faithless ashes overspread ; 10
 Unexpiated Roman blood,
 And reeking with the patriot flood
 The yet ^a unsheathed blade, *a unointed, in Hor.*

3. A while, restrain thy muse severe;
 Be wanting to the theatre; 20
 And wise, historic cares ordain,
 High labours of the state;
 Then bold, in Sophoclean strain,
 Resume thy buskin'd talent great
4. O Pollio, tongue of eloquence, 25
 The injur'd innocent's defence,
 Whose oracle, in high debate,
 Our senatorial fathers wait,
 Around whose consular brow
 Triumphant spread, Dalmatic fed, 30
 Eternal laurels grow.
5. Even now, the trumpet's clang I hear,
 The brazen clarions rend the ear,
 Now din of arms, and fulgour spread,
 The sudden blaze, o'erdazzling shed, 35
 Alarms the knight, in boldest fight
 And shakes the startling steed.
6. And in the fierce campaign,
 What falling chiefs! what heroes must
 Defil'd in not-inglorious dust, 40
 Strew the ensanguin'd plain.
7. What conquests—triumphs are pursued?
 The earth, from pole to pole
 In servitude, and all subdued
 But, Cato thy ferocious soul. 45
8. Now Juno, and her social Gods
 a Benignant to the Punic plains, a propitious.
 Had, impotent, forsook th' abodes
 And desolated fanes;
4. A K Yet,

Yet, mindful, in their vengeful doom, 50
 The grandson blood, of victors drain,
 Devoted to * Jugurtha's tomb,
 And Manés of the slain,

9. What distant realm, what gulph, or shore
 Unknown to our Bellona's roar? 55
 What sea not stain'd with Latian blood?
 The earth with sepulchres o'er-strew'd,
 Shall to the latest times record
 The ravage of the impious sword;
 What fields not fatted with the flood, 60
 And drencht in Daunian gore?

10. The Mede, and Scythian heard afar
 The shock of our lugubrious war,
 And in convulséd ruin hurl'd,
 The crash of our Hesperian world. 65

11. But cease, too bold,—in moanful flow,
 To touch the dirge of CEAN woe,
 Sweet, jocund TEIAN moods forgot;
 † Resume, with me, a lighter bow
 O Muse, in DIONEAN grot. 70

* Jugurtha was severely treated by Marius; he died in a Roman jail, and very likely some of his descendants were among these slaughtered victims, devoted by Juno to the Manés of Jugurtha,—an indelible stain to the Roman name.

† Resume some moods of lighter bow
 With me, in Venus' shady grot.

ODE II. TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Nullus Argento color est avaris

^a Abditæ terris ; inimice laminæ, ^a Abditæ cystis,

Crispe Salusti, nisi temperato

Splendeat usu.

1. **G**OLD has no lustre in the mine,
Nor in the miser's chest,

(Unto the sordid ore repress,

O Crispus, inimical breast)

§ Unless to light produced,

And temperately used,

The metal's taught to shine.

2. O blessing every brother kind,

Live Proculeius, live renown'd,

Paternal generous mind !

Thee, fame supervolant shall sing

And, fearless of relaxed wing,

Supermanent—resound.

3. Tame but this greedy lust of gain,

And thou shalt, monarch, wider reign,

Than if thou held'st, to distant Spain,

Numidian realms together thrown,

And both the * Punic states thy own.

4. The dropsy, (self-indulgent) nurs'd

Grows, in unsatiable thirst ;

^a Unquencht, until the cause accurst

^a ne'er quench'd.

Flies off, and from the morbid veins,

The watry, pallid languor drains.

§ Unless produced and fairly used.

* i. e. all the possessions of the Carthaginians both in Africa and Europe.

5. Virtue rejecteth with contempt,
 The crowd's mistaken sentiment,
 And dares unteach, false modes of speech,
 And striketh from her numbers blest,
 On Cyrus throne, by slaves ador'd
 Phraates, to his realms restor'd,
 Dread Emperor of the East.
- 5, And gives her crown unto the man
 Secure, (to him alone) who can
 The glittering sums behold,
 And pass with ^a irretorted ken, ^a without one longing ken.
 The BANK of treasur'd GOLD.

O D E III. To DELLIVS,

Advising Moderation in Prosperity, and Fortitude in Adversity.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
 Ab insolenti temperatam
 Læticia, moriture Delli.

1. **P**RESERVE an equal mind, serene
 Alike, in fortune low, or high,
 In ^a mirth not insolently vain, ^a in good.
 Remembering thou must change the scene
 O Delli, doom'd to die,

2. Or be thy life in cares deprest,
 Or to the daily genial feast
 Given up—with choice Falerny blest.

3. Where

3. Where Poplar white, and lofty pine,
 Confocial branches, loving, twine, 10
 And dimpling brooks obliquely stray,
 And fretting quest their weary way.
4. Here then rich wine and odours bring,
 And the roses short-lived spring,
 And every fragrant grace, 15
 While youth, and health, and all agree,
 While runs the thread of Sisters THREE,
 The fable spinsters of our days.
5. Thy purchas'd villa thou must leave,
 And dome, which Tyber's waters lave, 20
 And piles of gold, which you amass,
 All must unto another pass;
 He pious, lays thee in the grave,
 And mourning takes thy place.
6. Of Inachus, or Hercules, 25
 Or Æacus, thy boasted race,
 Or poor or rich, or high or low,
 The coward, brave, and good,
 All—victims to th' unsparing "God," *a Pluto.*
 Unmercifully go. 30
7. All crowded to one goal, altern
 To each comes forth th' Eternal lot,
 Shook from capacious urn,
 Embarking—exiles in the boat
 Doom'd, never to return. 35

O D E IV. To XANTHIAS PHOCEUS,

Who had lately married his Maid.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,

Xanthia Phocæu : prius insolentem

Serva Briseis niveo colore

Movit Achillem.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum

Forma Captivæ.

1. **B**LUSH not, by bright examples led,

If captivated with thy maid,

Thou'lt made her partner of thy bed.

The " Master of the sevenfold shield,

n Ajax.

Unto his slave Techmessa kneel'd ;

The fierce and insolent in arms

Achilles, Trojan dread,

Yields to Brisei's snowy charms,

And stoops his victor head.

2. Atrides, mighty King of men,

Amid the pomp of triumph mourn'd,

And for the ravish'd virgin burn'd ;

Troy now—her Hector swept away,

(The " Pthian Victor on the plain) *n Achilles being &c.*

To weary Greeks an easier prey.

3. Who knows what lot a man may draw,

From the promiscuous " herd,

n Sale of slaves.

Who knows but thou art son-in-law

To Potentate, or Lord ?

She, Princess born, and nothing less,

By fates malignant, in distress,

Bemoans her fire, and royal race.

4. No

Nor think, that one so fair and true,
 Disdaining lucre's sordid view,
 (No precept of ignoble crew,) * harlotry crew. 25
 E'er of abandon'd mother came,
 The child of guilt and shame.

I safe may praise with honest heart,
 Her snowy neck, and winding arms,
 Her taper leg, and other charms; 30
 What jealousy can I impart?
 The unworthy thought forbear,
 From me, now in declining wear,
 And trembling, past my fortieth year,
 Say, what has sponfal love to fear? 35

ODE V.

Nondum subacta ferre jugum valet
 Cervice; nondum munia comparis
 Æquare, nec tauri, ruentis
 In Venerem, tolerare pondus.

THY Heifer's young, and yet unbroke,
 Impatient of the fellow yoke,
 The tasks of the laborious mate,
 And galling * chains incumbent weight.

Her fancy leads, to flowery meads, 5
 And sporting with the yearling brood,
 She layeth in the cooling flood,
 And crops the willow blades.

* Rushing loves', in Horace.

3. Do

3. Do not, then commit a rape,
 On the crude forbidden grape;
 Forbear to press the juice auster,
 Distinguish'd, in the mellow year,
 Autumn soon, of various dies,
 Shall bid the livid clusters rise.
4. Time shall count to her each day,
 Which from thee, it steals away,
 (Fierce Youth rolls on in swift career)
 Then luscious in her charms,
 Thy Lalagé, thy melting fair,
 Shall drop into thy arms,
 Like wanton kid, of butting head
 She'll rush to loves alarms.
5. Nor Pholoé the flitting fair,
 Nor Chloris shall in love compare,
 Of Parian neck, and bosom white,
 Like the moon's unspotted light,
 Gleaming o'er the chrystal seas,
 When her smiling lustre plays;
 Nor the "Cnidian, gay and young," *a Gyges.*
 Who, tripping in a female guise,
 Amid the choral virgin throng,
 (With the difference small between
 Sexes, hardly to be seen)
 In ambiguous grace and mien,
 And his comely flowing tress,
 And his boyish girlish face,
 Would beguile, in wondring eyes
 Strangers, tho' extremly wise.

ODE VI. TO SEPTIMIUS. *

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, &
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, &
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maurea semper

Æstuat unda;

SEPTIMIUS, who wouldst me attend,
To utmost Gades, * the world's end,

Or to the Cantabri unbroke
Indocile of our Roman yoke,
Or where Barbarian & Syrtes roar, 5
And fretting, beat the Moorish shore.

May Tybur's mild sequester'd plains,
First settled by Argæan Swains,
Become my seat, and last retreat,
The end of all my aged days, 10
The term of all my hard campaigns,
And weary toils by land and seas.

If this, malignant fates deny,
To thee, Tarenton, let me fly,
And where thy streams, Galesus, keep 15
Lapel'd † in * pelts, the snowy sheep, a lap in skins.
Sweet realms by old Phalantus sway'd,
A Colony from Sparta led.

This corner, of all earth, or sea,
The most inviting spot to me, 20
On this has Heaven benignant smil'd
With longer spring, and winters mild,

* Gades. Where Hercules fixed his Pillars, supposing it the ne Plus Ultra, or World's End.

‡ The roaring of the Breakers on the Coast of Barbary.
Where barbarous Syrtes ever boil,
And roaring billows mad recoil.

† Lapel'd. To defend the fine silky wool from injuries of weather, &c.

L

Whose

Whose * berries, with Venafræ vie, * Olives.
 Whose honeys rich Hymetta try,
 Nor fertil Aulon's sun-burnt side,
 Ought—envies high Falerny's pride.

5. These lofty towers, this pleasing place,
 Demand our peaceful last recess ;
 Here thou shalt what is mortal burn,
 And the warm ashes with a tear
 Bedewing, of thy poet dear,
 Commit me to the Urn.

ODE VII. To POMPEIUS VARUS.

O tæpe mecum tempus in ultimum
 Deducte, Bruto militiæ duce,
 Quis te redonavit Quiritem
 Dis patriis, Italoque cœlo,
 Pompei, meorum prime sodalium ?

1. **V**ARUS, my first, selected friend,
 A love, from first to last sustain'd,
 With whom, when Brutus led the war,
 Crown'd with the leaf of Malabar,
 2. In wine and rosy essence gay,
 I've † broke full many a loitring day
 And seen to hearty end,
 Pompey, what happy fates, once more
 Th' old Roman to his native shore,
 And to his Latian Gods restore ?
 3. With thee, I felt Philippi's fight,
 The bloody onset, panic flight,]

† Broke. i. e. divided, split ; the morning being given to business, and all the rest of the day to pleasures.

(And left, inglorious, my shield)
 Where virtue strove in vain,
 And threatening chiefs compel'd to yield,
 Indignant bit the plain. 15

4. But Mercur'y snatcht me in his arms,
 And from the thick surrounding swarms,
 Panting—clear of all alarms,
 He placed me, out of pain; 20
 While thee, still on the angry side,
 The fretting fluctuating tide
 Absorb'd, to war again.

5. Come then, old Soldier, cheerfully,
 (To saving Jove, and Gods above,
 Thy vows first duly paid) 25
 And shook with many a hard campaign,
 Come rest thy weary sides with me,
 Forgetting every pain,
 Beneath my laurel spread; 35
 Nor spare the hogheads due to thee,
 And plentifully laid. *a* *a* An ample store laid in.

6. Fill the chargers, load them high,
 And let th' oblivious Massic fly;
 Here—who hands my barbiton,
 Roses and my myrtle crown, 40

7. Apium ever vivid-green?
 Whom wilt thou name, O Venus Queen,
 To rule the wild carousing scene,
 (Than Bacchanals not less insane?) 45
 This night I'll drink a Thracian down;
 On such occasion glad,
 Receiving safe, my better half,
 I am, and will be mad. ODE

O D E VIII. To BARINÉ.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
 Pæna, Barinè, nocuisset unquam;
 Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
 Turpior unguis.

1. **D** ID false and perjur'd vows efface
 In thee one single line of grace?
 Could they the smallest pimple raise,
 But spot a tooth or speck a nail,
 Or give the slightest female ail?
 I then should have some little faith
 To credit what Barinè saith.
2. But she—the more she vows and breaks,
 In face a brighter lustre takes,
 And out she comes the public care,
 Improv'd in every grace and air;
 Why then—go on, it does thee good,
 It smooths thy cheek, refines thy blood.
3. Swear by thy mother's sacred urn,
 The silent orbs, that roll and burn,
 And all the holies in their turn;
 Mild Venus at thy offerings smiles,
 And blesses all thy pretty guiles;
 The nymphs and Naiads must approve,
 And Cupid too, the God of love,
4. He—who whets on bloody hone
 His Darts—to pierce a heart of stone:
 Besides—the rising age is thine,
 And all in new succession pine,
 While you the former yet enslave,
 Still cursing what they cannot leave.

The mother dreads for twenty-one,
 The pinching father for his son;
 And thee, the anxious virgin bride,
 But late in holy nuptials tied,
 Left blasted by thy fatal charms,
 The bridegroom languish in her arms.

ODE IX. To VALGIUS.

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
 Manant in agros; aut mare Caspium
 Vexant inæquales procellæ
 Usque;

SAY, VALGIUS does Eternal shower
 The dreary fields deform?
 Or feels the Caspian every hour
 Unequal squally storm?

Armenia's borders ever-clad
 In ice, and fleecy snow?

Or is the tempest always mad,
 The forests rent, their honours shed,
 On bleak Gorgona's brow?

But you, in never ceasing stream,
 Bewail your *Myrté*, lost and gone,
 When Hesper lifts his evening-ray,
 Or when bright harbinger of day,
 He yielding, flees the rapid sun,
 Forever found the same.

Did he, whose life three ages run,
 Through length of rolling years bemoan,

His

His amiable son,
The Phrygian Queen, and sister-strain,
The miserable dirge sustain,
For Troilus untimely slain,
In manhood's downy dawn?

5. At length—thy querulous soft strain

~~Forbear—indulg'd, unmanly pain;~~

And rather let us sing the praise,
New Trophies, of AUGUSTUS's days,

How he, o'er Mount NIPHATIS,

In arms the conquer'd nations sways,

Or curbs by wisest treaties?

6. EUPHRATES, checkt by his control,

Shall in a lesser vortex roll,

And the Gelonian tribes,

And Mede, in pharetrated pride,

Shall learn, in narrower bounds to ride,

As Cæsar now prescribes.

O D E X. To LICINIUS MURENA.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum

Semper urgendo; neque, dum procellas

Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo

Littus iniquum.

1. A RIGHT thy course of life to steer,

Urge not forever the main deep,

Nor yet, in over-cautious fear,

To shun each rising storm, too near

Malignant shores and shallows creep.

Who loves this sober golden MEAN,
 Not over-nice, nor over-plain,
 Nor sordid dwells in clownish cells;
 He ^a WANTS the Lordly pile of state, ^{a he shuns.}
 And ENVIES too—that on it wait.

Storms ofttest bend the mountain oak, 10
 And rend the cedars tall,
 The highest hills are thunder struck,
 And with a ^a heavier ruin shook, ^{a tremendous}
 The lofty towers fall.

With soul prepar'd, distrust the best, 15
 Nor yet despond, altho' deprest,
 Forever hope and pray,
 The God, who gives the winter's night,
 Shall give the summer's day.

* Tho' now o'ercast in gloomy woe, 20
 Soon shall return a ray serene,
 And clear thy clouded brow;
 Does Cynthia's horn forever glow,
 Does Phoebus wake the muses strain
 And always—ply the bended bow? 25

6. When

* Non si mālē nūnc, ēt ōlīm
 Sic ērit quondam, &c.

Horace in this and many other passages, is more obliged to numbers, and the musical
 of the Sapphic Verse, than to sentiment, or elegance of expression; which imitated
 ever so well, would be insufferable in English. e. g.

Tho' now o'ercast in gloomy woe,
 Not doom'd—to be forever so,
 Soon shall return a ray serene,
 And clear thy clouded brow.

Or as our old song better expresses it,

—————Cast away sorrow,
 The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

6. When Fortune lowers, call forth thy pow'r,
 And all thy spirit shew;
 But when with too benignant gales,
 Before the wind you go;
 Be wise in time, and reef your sails,
 Before the tempest grow.

ODE XI. TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,
 Hirpinè Quinti, cogitet, Adria
 Divisus objecto, remittas
 Quærere, nec trepides, in usum
 Poscentis Ævi pauca; fugit retro
 Levis juvenas, et decus, arida
 Pellente lascivos amores
 Canitiè, facilemque somnum.

1. **W**HAT Cantabri, and Scythians ponder,
 And Medes ferocious race,
 Divided many a league asunder
 By interrolling seas,
 Omit—nor shake in anxious dread
 For life, which doth but little need *
 In our contracted space.

2. For, soon light youth shall pass away,
 And beauty's grace recede,
 Dry, wrinkled, hoary age succeed,
 Expelling from thy breast
 Lascivious loves, and sportive play,
 And easy slumbring rest.

* Give not to nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap, &c. SHAKES.

Say, doth the fragrant rose's blow,
 Forever equal lustre shew? 15
 Or beaming, in fraternal light,
 Is Cynthia, constant, ever-bright?
 Why then, O! man, to future blind,
 Less than Eternal, here design'd,
 With endless schemes perplex thy mind. 20
 Why not this * instant in the shade
 Of lofty pine, by fountain spread,
 With Bacchus, and a Assyrian crown'd, ^{a Essence,}
 Carousing in the genial day,
 Wash all corroding cares away, 25
 And chase the Gods around?
 Who quencheth—here, in gelid stream,
 The hot Falerny's living flame?
 Who shall wanton Lyde bring,
 Entic'd from her abode, 30
 Sweet mistress of the vocal string,
 With bosom bare, and flowing hair,
 Or knotted—in the Spartan mode?

Alluding to the courtier's answer to Pyrrhus.—And why can't we do so now?
Vid. Addison Spect. No. 180.

ODE XII. To MÆCENAS.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantia,
 Nec durum Annibalem, nec Siculum mare,
 Pœno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
 Aptari citharæ modis.

THE long, and hard Numantia's fate,
 In famine, sword, and fire,
 The massacres, and Punic hate
 Of Hannibal the dire,

M

W

With purple floods, and seas of blood,

Would you attune to feeble mood

Of Cytherèan Lyre?

2. Hylæus, full of wine and war,

Adaptéd, to the soft guitar?

The Centaur-Lapithéan brood

By arm Hercúlean subdu'd?

And Titan-sons of earth o'erthrown

By fulminating Jove,

Who shook the great effulgent dome

Endangering all above?

3. Do you in flowing style relate,

The fierce campaigns of Cæsar great,

And bend the necks of Kings uncrown'd,

Led o'er the Capitolian mound,

And me, my goddess's muse impels

* In softer fights to dare,

And on Lycymnia's bosom dwells,

Or—ringlets of her hair,

Effulgent eye as morning star,

4. Gay in contest, of sprightly jest,

Free rally—courtly play;

With grace to give the waving hand,

When tripping with the virgin band,

On Dian's sacred day;

A heart in mutual love combin'd,

And happy unison of mind.

Wouldst thou exchange for treasures rare,

For gems, of Araby the blest,

* To battles of the fair.

- One smile of the indulgent fair?
 For all Achæmenes posselt, 35
 One single locket of her hair?
5. When she with sleek, and fragrant cheek,
 Complieth to the ardent kiss;
 Or now with easy cruelty,
 (Yet wishing you would seize the bliss 40
 Unaskt) denieth, gently coy;
 When she with raptur'd heart could fly,
 To snatch the ravish'd joy.

O D E XIII.

Ille & nefasto te posuit die,
 (Quicunque) primùm, & sacrilega manu
 Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
 Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi.

1. **D**IRE tree! WHOEVER rais'd thee first,
 And with a sacrilegious hand,
 And planted on some day accurst,
 Upon my Sabine land,
 To grow my villa's vile disgrace, 5
 Pernicious to a future race,
 With baneful head t'expand,
 Was exercis'd, in horrid deeds,
 Had dealt in blood and Colchic weeds,
 Or cut a father's throat; 10
2. And of some guest, in harmless rest,
 Had let the heart's blood out;
 † Or worse than this, if worse can be
 Conceived, ranker in degree;

† And worse than this, whatever's known,
 That sacrilege he made his own.

FRAN.

M 2

Curst

Who fix't thee o'er my seat,
 Curst tott'ring trunc! with wicked fall
 To crush thy master, friends, and all,
 In undeserved fate.

3. No man, with all his caution fenc'd,
 Knows what he has to shun;
 The wisest can't be arm'd against
 All hazards they may run.

4. The ills just hanging o'er our head,
 We poor short-sighted mortals dread,
 No other in our mind;
 The sailor shuns the stormy wind,
 The madding Bosphor's strait,
 But looks (to other chances blind)
 Not one inch farther into fate.

5. The Parthians sudden flight and bow,
 Our men by sad experience know;
 The flying Parthian fears at length,
 Italian chain, and Roman strength,
 But ills beyond all human ken,
 Forecast, or present heed,
 Have whelming snatcht, and shall again,
 Whole nations to the dead.

6. How near a chance stood we t' have seen
 Grim Pluto and his sable Queen,
 In Stygian shades a guest?
 And Æacus, the judge of hell,
 And where the good, sequester'd dwell
 In mansions of the blest?
 Where Sappho, in her melting strains,
 Of insulary nymphs complains.

6. With

7. With golden lyre, full loud and strong, 45
 Alcæus strikes the rap'tur'd throng,
 He sung his own sad fate;
 Hard fate and flight, by sea and land,
 By doom of war and heavy hand
 Of black invidious hate. 50

8. Each worthy of attentive ear,
 The shades, in sacred silence, hear;
 But when with more exalted lyre,
 Embattled plains, and tyrants dire
 Expuls'd, he sung in patriot ire, 55
 The many take his part;
 In denser crouds they close around,
 They drink the greedy tale, the sound
 Descends into the heart.

What wonder, when allur'd by lays, 60
 The hundred-headed monster stays
 His howl, and fixt in stupid gaze,
 Lays down his many ears?
 Eumenid snakes*, all idly hung
 Disporting loose, or roll'd among 65
 Their lank dishevel'd hairs.

9. Deceiv'd of pangs by melody,
 All hell look't up in extacy!
 No thirst, doth son of Pelops feel,
 The Tityan vulture gnaws in vain, 70
 The race of Japhet, knows no pain,
 Ixion rests his wheel.

* The Furies. — At other times erect and hissing.

10. Nor, heeds the urn—the perfid train,
Nor hind, nor lynxe's spotted stain,
Orion, in the chace;
All list'ning bend, and all attend,
To sweet melodious grace.

O D E XIV. To POSTHUMUS.

Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume.

1. **A** LAS! the fugitive swift years,
With never ceasing current flow,
Nor can our piety, nor tears,
Or, stay the steps of wrinkling age,
Or, ward th' inevitable blow,
Of Death's resistless rage.
2. A hundred hecatombs a day,
Cannot the gloomy pow'r allay,
Whose Stygian waves enfold
Thee, Géryon quell'd, of tenfold strength,
And Tityus stretcht, enormous length!
O'er many an acre roll'd.
3. This, irrénavigable flood,
O Posthumus, we all must pass,
(Of humble, or high-boastéd race)
Who taste of earthly food.
4. In vain we dread the noxious damp,
Autumnal Auster's sickly reign,
In vain the martial bloody camps,
And Adria's hoarse resounding main.

3. All see—o'er dreary realms below
 Cocytus, wand'ring sadly flow,
 Where, must eternal vengeance feel,
 The infamous Danáide train,
 And Sisyphus, who rolleth vain 25
 The rock, and vast, Ixion's, wheel.
6. Thy dome, which Tyber's billows lave,
 Thy tender babes, and bosom wife,
 Whatever else is dear in life,
 Thou, Posthumus must leave; 30
 Of all thy plantéd trees but one,
 The baleful cypress, she alone,
 (When thy short day of life is done)
 Her Lord, shall follow to the grave.
7. Th' imprison'd casks of Cæcube vine, 35
 Long fast with many a bolted door,
 Succeeding, worthier heir shall pour,
 And stain, thy pompous Parian floor,
 With purple floods of purest wine,
 Magnificent in treat, 40
 Richer than Flamens, when they dine
 Pontifically great.

O D E XV.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiae
 Moles relinquent; undique latius
 Extenta visentur Lucrino
 Stagna lacu; plantanusque cœlebs.

1. **S**O vast our regal structures grow,
 And villas wide expand,
 Scarce will—few acres for the plough,
 Be left, in Latian Land.

2. Our

2. Our gardens a whole country take,
 And fishponds, each, a Lucrine lake,
 Late-fruitful vales o'erflow,
 *And violet and myrtle greets
 The senses, with abundant sweets,
 Diffus'd in useless blow. 10
3. Unmarriageable Planes o'erwhelm
 The hospitable wedded Elm;
 Then to exclude the fervid sun,
 Dense rows of laurel-hedges run,
 Spread o'er the olive ground,
 In antient days far better stor'd,
 And fertile to it's former Lord,
 With smiling plenty crown'd. 15
4. To Romulus unknown, not ^a borne ^a suffered
 In times of Cato, the unshorn,
 Not so they form'd imperial sway,
 And taught the stubborn world t'obey. 20
- 5 Small was each personal estate,
 The Public, great, inviolate;
 Then—limited by just decrees,
^a None, durst, † outmeasur'd, spread, ^a & c. no commoner 25
 Opake, to catch the northern breeze,
 The Portico's vast Colonade.
6. No law, nor private Sire disown'd,
 The humble cot of casual sods;
 But freely from the sacred fund,
 In useful works, towns, bridges, roads,
 Magnificence was shewn,
 And raising temples to the Gods,
 Of purest Parian stone. 30

* And myrtle, violet, and rose,
 Vast sacrifices to the gods. In Her.

† Outmeasur'd. i. e. with Decempede, a Measure of Ten Feet.

ODE

ODE XVI. To POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

Otium divos rogat in patienti
 Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
 Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
 Sidera nautis.

CAUGHT in the wild Ægæan seas,
 When sable clouds involving hide
 The moon—no star his course to guide,
 The sailor calls for life of ease,

* And, war-infuriated Thrace,
 And Mede in pharetrated grace;
 A blessing never to be sold,
 For gems, for purple, or for gold. §

No consulary, Lictor-state,
 Can strike the soul's black terrors dead,
 And cares that round the Palace wait,
 And haunt the Colonade.

Hail! sober he, whose frugal board,
 Doth little—with content, afford,
 Of neat paternal cot possess;
 Nor sordid cares, nor anxious fears
 Shall break his placid rest.

Why short-liv'd aim, in endless strife,
 At things beyond the mark of life?
 To climates warm'd with other Suns,
 In vain the vagrant exile, runs;
 Who flying—Self, and conscience shuns?

* For ease, for ease, the rugged Dace.

§ Not to be sold, for gems or gold, &c.

6. For in the armed gallies speed,
 With him sails, (vice-sprung) impious care,
 Swifter than hind, or winged wind, 25
 Nor leaving—on his gallant steed
 ‡ She chaces in the rear.
7. Enjoy the hour, nor fling away,
 One thought, beyond the present day;
 And temper'd, with a lenient smile, 30
 The bitter dregs of life beguile,
 Well known—'tis not in human fate,
 To find the bliss in all compleat.
8. Death early quell'd Achilles' rage,
 Tithonus droops in lengthen'd age; 35
 And Fates may kindly give to me,
 What, peevish, they deny to thee,
9. Fair oxen low around thy gate,
 A thousand ewes, and lambkins bleat,
 And fillies neigh, and double dy'd, 40
 The Tyrian purples grace thy side.
10. My thread, the Spinster-sisters drew,
 And stamp't prophetically true,
 My fate, "a decent rural seat,
 " A slender vein, of Lesbian strain, 45
 " and spurning croud malignant—proud
 To live without the great."

‡ The same sentiment and phrase is repeated B. III. Od. 1.

Sed timore et minis
 Scandent eodem &c.

ODE XVII. MÆCENAS.

Cur me querelis exanimas, tuis?
 Nec dis amicum est, nec mihi, te prius
 Obire, Mæcenas, mearum
 Grande decus, columenque rerum.

1. **W**HY thus, inhumanely complain?
 Why teize me with thy dying strain? *
 Displeasing to the Gods, and me,
 For never think that I'll assent,
 (My life's support and ornament,) 5
 That thou first yield to fate's decree.
2. If thou art earlier snatcht away,
 No longer equal dear, nor whole
 Superstant, losing half my soul,
 Mæcenas, why should I delay? 10
 Believe, believe, the sacred oath
 To gods, unviolable troth,
 One day, one ruin, shall absume us both.
3. However be't, do I precede,
 Or thou, maturer victim lead, 15
 With thee prepar'd to go,
 The gloomy path, conjoin'd we'll tread,
 Unsever'd in the shades below;
4. § Nor hundred-headed Gyas dire,
 Nor the Chimæra breathing fire, 20
 Shall ever tear my friend from me,
 So Justice, and the fates decree.
5. Whether the Libra's milder sign,
 Or Scorpius, of eye malign

* Why kill me with thy tender strain?

§ Nor hundred, &c. Frances.

- Beheld my dawn, (whose gloomy pow'r
Rules, dreadful, o'er the natal hour)
Or Capricorn, with angry rays,
The tyrant of Hesperian seas;
6. The stars presiding o'er our birth,
(For stars do influence the Earth)
Both thine, and mine, in harmony,
Do like a prodigy agree; 30
7. For thee, Jove's tutelary sway,
Snatcht from Saturnus' impious day,
Retarding (premature in date,) 35
The rapid wing of hovering fate;
8. When thrice in loud acclaim,
Th'applausive theatres of Rome,
With shouts, that shook the concave dome,
Resounded to thy name, 40
9. And me, impending o'er my head,
A tree accurst, had stricken dead,
Unless benignant Pan's
Sustaining hand, had timely broke
The fall, and rescued from the stroke, 45
The guardian of Mercurial clans.
10. Be votive temple rais'd by thee,
With victims to the saving gods,
A tender lamb, releaseth me,
Smote on the humble sods. 50

O D E XVIII.

Non ebur, neque aureum
 Mea renidet in domo lacunar;
 Non trabes, Hymettias
 Premunt columnas ultima recesse
 Africa.

1. **N**O gold, nor ivory inlaid,
 Is, flaming, o'er my cieling spread,
 Nor hewn, from earth ^a remotest come ^z utmost Afric.
 Hymetta beams, (to grace my dome)
 Sustain'd by lofty Colonade. 5
2. Nor have I, fraudulent heir, unknown,
 Usurp'd, Attalus, thy throne,
 Nor client dames, with nicest hand,
 Draw purple threads, by my command.
3. But with a flow of muse divine, 10
 And faith, and candid heart benign,
 In merit rich, tho' poor profess,
 I'm by the proud and great caress'd.
4. Contented with my Sabin field,
 Which doth its grateful tribute yield, 15
 (Enough is ample store)
 Nor I, my potent friend implore,
 Nor do I teize the Gods for more.
5. Impelling day protrudeth day,
 And moons new born, increase the horn, 20
 And, waning, hasten to decay.
6. But you the labour'd quarry heave,
 And form the future dome,
 (And structures you must shortly leave)
 Unmindful of the tomb. 25

7. Poor—in th' whole Latian Continent,
 In spite of waves indignant roars,
 Encroaching on the Element,
 You urge the Baian shores.
8. O'erleap the clients sacred bound, 30
 And tear th' uprooted landmark from the mound.
 Expell'd, from his paternal fods,
 The Sire, to distant new abodes;
 The wretched mother bath'd in tears,
 Embosom'd, squallid offspring, bears, 35
 And unavailing household Gods.
9. Where tends this Lord in boundless aim?
 Earth doth with open bosom claim
 Alike, the peasant, and the princely name,
 For, sure as stands thy dome of state, 40
 Shall death thy haughty head await,
 And, Hadés be thy destn'd seat.
10. Nor gold, could captivated take
 The Pilot of Cocytus Lake,
 Returning o'er the shadowy way, 45
 To waft the crafty Sire to day. *a Prometheus*
11. Yet he, who Tantalus detains,
 And all his impious race in chains,
 Call'd, or not call'd, the wretch receives,
 And from his weary toils relieves, 50
 And long endured pains.

O D E XIX. TO BACCHUS.

Bacchum, in remotis carmina rupibus
 Vidi docentem, (credite, posteri)
 Nymphasque discentes, & aures
 Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

1. **B**ACCHUS, I saw, mid rocks remote,
 ^a Posterity, believe, and note, ^a ye future sons
 The God—in song dictating, ^a was teaching
 And listening nymphs the circle deckt,
 And ^d bounding satyrs, ears erect, ^d capriped in H. 5
 Unto him, Legislating.
2. Hark! Evoc, hark, methinks, I hear,
 My heart, with recent terrors, thrills
 Tumultuous joy my bosom fills;
 Tremendous with thy Thyrsus, spare, 10
 And unincenséd, let me dare
 Thy mysteries divine,
 Thy frantic Priestesses-Naiades,
 And thy extatic Thyades,
 And floods of milk and wine. 15
3. You smote the rocks, from rigid rocks,
 The gushing rivers rose,
 And from the trunks of hollow oaks,
 Exuding honey flows;
 Thy honor'd Ariadnes' crown, 20
 New wonders of the starry zone;
 The Thracian bold, Lycurgus slain,
 And Pentheus' desolated reign,
 And judgments hurl'd on the profane.

4. Thy

4. Thy potent arm divides the sea, 25
 The barbarous floods, the winds obey,
 Sequester'd, on steep mountains height,
 You in the flowing juice delight,
 Thy fierce Ædoni band,
 The serpent of the desert bear, 30
 (A fillet to their knotted hair,)
 Deceitless to the hand.
5. When Rhæcus, and the Titan brood, 35
 Scaling, assail'd th' effulgent dome,
 Intrepid, you withstood,
 Wrencht back the rebel overthrown,
 With lion jaw subdu'd.
- § 6. Tho' you in blooming beauty gay, 40
 Seem'd fitter for the song and play,
 And choral graceful fair,
 Yet you had talents, and could dare,
 Or mediate peace—or in the war,
 Could rule th' embattled day.
7. Thee (when thy golden horn appear'd) 45
 Innocuous Cerberus rever'd,
 In adulating greet;
 Nor fail'd the monster, crouching hung,
 With * fawning mien, and triple tongue,
 To touch the god's departing feet.

§ Bacchus' character, as a Legislator, a General, Statesman and Gentleman, is but little known, being generally mistaken for the drunken Silenus, in our Ribaldry Songs.

* Fawning tail, in Horace.

ODE XX. TO MÆCENAS.

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
 Penna, biformis per liquidum æthera
 Vates; neque in terris morabor
 Longius; invidiaque major.

1. **A** Bard * biform, through liquid air,
 Shall mortals see me rise,
 And with no common pinion dare,
 Supervolant, the skies;
 For know (tho' styl'd plebeian clay) 5
 I am not doom'd to die,
 In Stygian wave confin'd to lie;
2. Nor longer will, with man reside,
 Above all envy and decay,
 Through heavenly tracts I'll glide; 10
 A rougher skin has clad my thigh,
 My downy plumes, already shot
 Above, and down my snowy side,
 And o'er my shoulders ply;
 Chang'd to a bird of silver throat, 15
 A volatil of sweetest note,
 I spurn the earth, and fly;
3. Higher than Icarus I soar,
 (Nor dread the Cancers' beams)
 Now see—the madding Bosphor's shore, 20
 And rude Gelonian streams,

* A bard biform. i. e. half bard, half swan.

CYCNUUS, king of Liguria, who retired from government, to solitude, woods, lakes and song, was (from the resemblance of name probably) by the poets metamorphos'd to a swan, sit nova Cycnus avis. OVID. and from him descending swans, [the poetical sons of Cycnus] are all supposed to be songsters.

The skilful Iber, and the ^aswain, ^aScythian
Vague, houselets in his rolling wain,

4. Gætulian lands and Syrtes sands,
And who, withhold their conscious fear,
Dissembled of the Marsyan spear,
Who drink the Phasis, and the Rhone,
To utmost Hyperboreans known.

25

5. Of base lament, let me not hear,
Or dirge around my empty bier.
And the * superfluous honors spare,
Mæcenas, of my sepulchre,
Nor drop one idle tear.

30

* And, Supererogatory, spare
The honors, of my sepulchre,
Nor drop one idle tear.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE THIRD
BOOK
OF THE
ODES of HORACE.

ODE I.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo,
Favete linguis—Carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos, imperium est Jovis,
Clārī Gīgantēo triumpho,
Cuncta supercilio moventis.

1. **H**ENCE! ye profane, I loath ye all,
Detested vulgar, * *great and small,*^a *a Cowley*
Forbear—full of Phæbéan fires,
High priest of Helicon, I bring
New numbers from the sacred spring,
Unto my virgin choirs.

2. Dread sov'ran Kings o'er mortals reign,
And awful Jove, o'er Kings of men,

* I have retained this half line of Cowley's, because it preserves more of the spirit of Horace, than any I have seen, or can give.

Hence ye unhallow'd, shun the strain;
Detested vulgar crowds profane,

- Triumphant, o'er the Titan brood
 With thunders to th' abyse pursu'd ; 10
 Who shakes all nature with his nod.
3. There are, who scenes sequester'd love,
 And joy t'expand the planted grove ;
 And who, to Tyber's plain descend
 To urge the ambitious claim, 15
 These popular, generous, contend,
 Some of high birth are proud,
 Or of their client-vassal crowd,
 And these illustrious deeds commend,
 And some fair virtues' honest fame ; 20
4. But, low, or high, ye sons of Rome,
 By dire necessity, altern,
 All shook from the capacious urn,
 Receive th' allotted doom.
5. O'er Whomsoever's impious head 25
 Impendent, points th' unsheathed blade,
 No dainties of Sicilian feast,
 Excite a relish in the guest ;
 Nor philomels' melodious choir,
 Nor sounds of sweet Orphéan lyre, 30
 Restore to placid rest.
5. Sweet are the slumbers of the swain,
 For they the humble cottage love,
 Nor shun th' umbrageous bank or plain,
 Nor Tempes' Zephyr-waving grove. 35
6. Pleas'd with enough—who craves no more,
 (Enough's, abundant store)
 HEBDS not, the seas tumultuous roar,
 Nor, rising KIDS' impetuous head,
 Nor in his fall ARCTURUS dread, 40
 Nor,

7. Nor batter'd vines by pelting hail,
 †Nor treach'rous crops, that promis'd well,
 Accusing, watry stars unkind,
 Now scorching suns, or *scorching * wind, & blasting
8. The fish excluded from their bays, 45
 Perceive the fast-contracting seas,
 My Lord, has undertakers sent,
 With loads of marble and cement,
 To occupy the element;
 All other business at an end, 50
 A thousand slaves the work attend;
 Fastidiously elate
9. He—bids the lofty dome arise,
 And gloomy fiend, as busy plies
 Black conscientious fear; 55
 With him ascends the palace height,
 Nor leaves in brazen galleys speed,
 She sits behind on flying steed,
 And gallops in the rear. §
10. If then, nor gold nor treasures rare, 60
 Nor purple bright as morning star,
 Nor juice of rich Falernian vine,
 Nor lucid stone of Phrygian mine,
 Nor Achæmenian spice avail;
 The joint, or aching heart to heal; 65
11. Why should I raise in modern style,
 The Portico's immoderate pile,
 Of high invidious state?
 Why change my little sabin vale,
 For more encumbring, riches great? 70

ODE

† Nor hopeful crops, that treach'rous fail,
 Now faulting, &c.

* Ne—hore penetrabile frigus adurat.

VIRGIL.

§ Le chagrin monte en croupe et galope avec lui.

BOILEAU.

O D E II.

Angustam, Amici, pauperiem pati,
 Robustus, acri militia, puer
 Condiscat, et Parthos feroces,
 Vexet eques, metuendus hasta,
 Vitamque sub dio, et trepidis agat
 In rebus.

1. **I**NURE the rawbon'd lad to bear
 The early toils of finewy war,
 And pinching poverty, and dare
 On gallant steed, the warlike mede,
 Tremendous with his spear. 5
2. Encamp him in raw midnight cold,
 And rouse with fierce alarms,
 By frequent dangers ^agrow him bold, ^{a Or growing bold.}
 And beat him oft to arms.
3. Whom, shall the matron queen behold, 10
 Or princess, from the hostile wall,
 And to the warring monarch call,
 And thus her fears unfold.
4. O spouse th' unequal fight forbear,
 To ^achafe that lion whelp beware, ^{a rouse} 15
 Of fierce Hesperian brood,
 Wide raging through the ranks of war,
 In massacre and blood.
5. O! glorious, at our countrys' call,
 And in her cause, to bleed and fall, 20
 * Death too the fugitive pursues,
 And, the Averse, ignobly strews,

Nor

* The same sentiment more open'd.

Nor can base flight the coward save,
 Black death the fugitive pursues,
 And smit, averse, inglorious, strews
 In common with the brave,

Nor spares, in pityless decree,
Unpuissant YOUTH, of warless knee.

6. VIRTUE, in her own native light, 25
Shines forth, in spotless honors bright;

Superior to the sordid crowd,
Repulse disdaining, nobly proud;
Nor takes, or lays her fasces down,
With popular smile or frown; 30

7. Virtue unbars the Portals high,
To merit, never doom'd to die,
And leads up to the starry skie,
By paths unknown *a* untrod, *a* deny'd in Hor. 35
And shaking off this mortal clod,

Base temperament of clay;
She spurneth earth, and wings away,
To her paternal God.

8. To breast, in sacred silence, true,
Be just reward and honor due; 40
I'll shun—who Ceres' rites betray,
Forbid, beneath one roof to be,
Or with me, loose frail bark to sea.

9. Neglected Gods, with guilty clan
Oft do involve th' *** innoxious man; 45
The villain rears his head a while,
But Pain and Vengeance, many a mile,
Slow *a* ambling after, never leave *a* halting
Pursuit, of antecedent Knave.

ODE

*** Involve the good innoxious uncautious man. Neglectus diespiter, is here to be construed, the God of Fate, presiding over the events of the day, whom the good (too uncautiously) neglect, and by keeping wicked company are involved in the same common destruction.

O D E III.

The first part of this Ode seems to be the Eulogy of Cato; the second the Apotheosis of Romulus, with the approbation of Juno, who assents to it, and the universal dominion of the Romans, on condition that they never rebuild, or transfer the seat of empire, to Troy; which Julius, and Augustus Cæsar (it is said) had some thoughts of doing, and to deter him from his purpose, seems to have been the design of this Ode.

Iustum & tenacem propositi virum,
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Non vultus instantis tyranni
 Mente quatit Solida; neque Auster,
 Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
 Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.
 Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

1. **T**HE steadfast man, in honor'd trust,
 Of purpose firm, and stubborn just,
 Defies the ardors, and withstands,
 Tumultuous crowds depriv'd commands,
 And turbid Auster, chief to raise,
 The restless Adriæ's, rolling seas; 5
2. Nor tyrant of impending brow,
 Nor fulminating blow
 Of Jove, in firmamental roll,
 Can shake the solid basis of his soul. 10
- 3: Let frame of nature round him break,
 Convuls'd, in ruins hurl'd;
 Unmov'd, in elemental wreck,
 He falleth with the falling world.
4. Thus arm'd, far-vague, by virtue led, 15
 Alcides props the skies
 And twins of the Ledeian bed,
 In starry honors rise, Midst

- Midst whom the Godlike Cæsar lies,
And quaffs with purple lip immortal joys ; 20
5. And Bacchus, thee thy tygers, broke,
Indocil, lash'd unto the yoke,
Bore to the gates of light;
In chariot of Paternal God,
6. Fled o'er the Acherontic flood, 25
Quirinus, ^a heavenly bright, ^a Romulus.
To Juno, no ungrateful guest,
Who thus, the council'd Gods address'd.
7. O Ilion, Ilion, whom thy own 30
Incestuous, fatal-judging son,
With foreign harlot, hath undone,
Long doom'd, by me and Pallas chaste
To ashes, and a desert waste,
8. What time, the false Laomedon,
Defrauding Gods, of promis'd fums, 35
A perjur'd Sire, and perjur'd sons,
Brought heavenly vengeance down ;
9. By our dissensions long upheld,
The Dardan war, and blood is quell'd,
No more can famous guest ^a alarm, ^a Paris. 40
Nor the adult'reis Spartan, charm, ⁿ Helena.
Nor Priam, nor the perjur'd race,
Can my intrepid Greeks harrafs,
Nor Hector's bloody arm ;
10. Our wrath allay'd—to Mars benign, 45
Th' obnoxious grandson we resign,
(Of Ilia priestess—Trojan line)
Admitted now a lucid guest,
To Nectar, and Ambrosial feast,

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Th' obnoxious grandson we resign,
(Of Ilia priestess—Trojan line)
Admitted now a lucid guest,
To Nectar, and Ambrosial feast,

Rankt with the blest, in placid reign, 50
 Install'd henceforth, a God we deign ;

11. Rule happy, reign ye exile race,
 O'er any land or any seas,
 And spread to Scythian realms extreme,
 The terrors of the Roman name, 55
 Ye daring, dreadful bands ;
 Where, the interluent waves, divide
 The Afran, from Európes' side,
 Where Nilus, with his swelling tide
 " Floods the prolific lands. a Bathes 60

* 12. Provided—length of OCEAN roar,
 Forbidding, fundering evermore
 Troy, from imperial Rome ;
 And savage herds, insulting, spurn
 The bloody dust of Priams' urn, 65
 And foul the Adulterer's " pride, a Paris
 And beasts, their cubs, unvenged, hide,
 In his incestuous tomb ;
 Effulgent Capitolium stand,
 To earth, tremendous Dome, 70
 To Gaul, and Mede, in triumph " led, " o'er triumph'd in H
 Send forth thy stern command.

13. Far nobler Roman, spurning proud,
 The gold, deep bury'd in the ground,
 And better thus—unsought, unfound, 75
 Than spreading baneful o'er the land,
 Engrasp'd by man, in impious fraud,
 Snatcht with all-sacrilegious hand,
 His glitt'ring Idol-God.

14. Whatever

* Stanza 10, 11, 12, are transposed in this translation, but without altering the sense
 and the connection, I hope, is as well preserved.

14. Whatever earth's remotest bound,
Withstands, in Sols' Eternal round,
Let him in arms control,
Where furious beams, exhaust the plains,
Where cold and dank forever reigns,
Investing either Pole. 85
15. But thus—Romúlean sons of war,
Denounc'd—our law of fate;
Nor, over-pious, shall you dare,
Nor confidently great,
Your Trojan Temples to repair,
Or dwell your antient seat. 90
16. Renascent Troy, in evil hour,
Rais'd by all-daring Rome,
Shall feel the same vindictive pow'r,
And iterated doom. 95
17. Thrice, tho' arise her brazen wall,
By Phoebus, arm sustain'd,
Thrice shall her brazen towers fall,
Whelm'd by my Argive band;
Ourself, to Jove, high Sister-queen,
O'er Ocean led, my Victor train,
Will head th' avenging flame,
And thrice, shall moan, the captive dame,
Her sons, and husband slain. 100
18. But whither Muse in ‡ daring strain,
Ill suited to thy jocund vein? 105
Cease to demean, in less'ning moods,
The mandates, of majestic Gods.

‡ Define PERVICAX,

i. e. froward, saucy, presumptuous.

O D E IV. To CALLIOPE.

Descende cœlo, & dic age tibia
 Regina longum Calliopé melos ;
 Seu voce nunc mavis acuta ;
 Seu fidibus, citharave Phœbi.
 Auditis ? an me ludit amabilis
 Infania ? audire, & videor pios.

1. **D**ESCEND from Heaven Calliopé,
 And with thy lute, or shriller voice,
 Or is Phæbéan lyre thy choice ?
 Sustain, O Queen, the lengthened lay.

2. Hear ye ! or is it madness all ? 5
 Delusive, pleasing dream ?
 Methinks, I hear the Muses' call,
 O'er magic groves I stray,
 Where Heliconian fountains stream,
 Where murmuring waters, ever fall, 10
 And Zephyr-breezes play.

3. O'er Vultur-hills I took my way,
 Alone, and wander'd far beyond,
 My nurse Apulia's bound ;
 Until o'er come with sleep and play, 15
 I press'd the mossy mound.

4. And while I slept, the wood-doves came,
 A bird of fabulèd name,
 And verdant leaves, and branches bore,
 And deckt their infant bard all o'er, 20
 The type of future claim.

5. The story ran from east to west,
 O'er Acherontia's lofty nest,

Far

Far to the Bantian shades,
And who, the fertile hills possess'd
And low Ferentin meads. 25

6. A wonder ! deem'd, that I should rest,
From viper, noxious bird, and beast, *
Conceal'd, in bay and myrtle pil'd,
Sure not without—my Gods, throughout
Protected, fearless, sprightly child. 30

7. Devoted to your sacred shades ;
Henceforth, with you, Aonian maids,
I rise o'er Sabin hills sublime,
Prænesté, Tusculum, I climb ;
And yours the poet dwells, 35
In cool retreat, or warmer seat
Of Baiæ, and her wells.

8. Harmonious Nine (our sole delight)
Ye sav'd me in Philippis' fight
The bloody onset, sudden flight ;
By day and night you save,
Nor injur'd me th' accursed tree,
Nor Palinurus' wave. 40

9. With you, a mariner I'd dare, †
The Bosphor Straights and madding star,
With 45

* *Ut, tuto ab atris, corpore, viperis,
Dormirem, et URSIS.*

N. B. We must here read, either *Apris* or *Hircis*, for there were no bears in Italy, they are inhabitants of colder climates.

† The beauty, of these lines lies in the contrast, of *Navita*, and *Viator*, sailer, and traveller:

With You, a mariner, I'd dare,
The rising kid's impetuous war,
And madding Bosphors' roar,
With you—(co-traveller) I'd go,
O'er gelid Alps of Scythian snow.
Tread, &c.

Infanientem

With you, I'd traverse o'er, †
Tread Lybian lands, and burning sands,
Of the Assyrian shore,

10. Nor fear the Britons, in my course, 50
To guests unhospitable, fierce,
Nor where the hard Gelonian rides,
With ratling quiver at his sides;
And joyous, o'er his coursers blood,
I'd see the rude Concanni brood; 55
With you, unviolable go,
O'er Scythian realms, and Alps of snow,
And Tanais' icy flood.

11. Ye lofty Cæsar entertain, 60
Fatigu'd with many a fore campaign;
His troops dispos'd with pious care,
In safety, through the wintry year,
Recruited in your sacred cells,
With you, Pierian nymphs, he dwells;
12. Ye mild and mercifully kind, 65
Give counsel suited to his mind,
With joy the muse her mandate gives,
With joy, the blessing he receives,
For, what incens'd hand, we know*

13. WHOM

† *Infanientem Nævita Bosphorum
Littoris ASSYRIÆ Viator.*

The danger of passing the Bosphor, or Straits of Gallipoly, arises from the opposition, and conflict, of currents from the Euxine, and White Sea, meeting the waves of the Ægæan, or Archipelago, in this narrow passage. Vid. WOODS' *TROADES*.

* *Seimus, ut impios, &c.* This is one of those passages, where Horace is heinously accused, of violent transition, and incoherency; whereas, nothing is more connected, if we consider the whole; you (muses) gave him these mild counsels, which he joyfully received—and happy it was, that he did so, or else, we well know, what would have been the consequence, *viz.* the same which befel the Titan brood—and then, naturally enough, pursues his subject, alluding in the combats of the giants, to the wars with Marc Antony, Brutus, Pompey, &c.

O'erwhelm'd the Titan impious brood,
With Fulmen, to th' abyss, persu'd
Of Tartarus below.

70

13. (WHOM, Earth inert, and heaven obey,
And Stygian realms devoid of day,
Tempestuous winds and raging seas,
The mortal and immortal race,
And o'er immensity of space,
The ONE forever just and good, †
Who rules all nature with his nod.)

75

14. They on their hundred hands relying,
With mountains pil'd on mountains, strove,
And the Olympian powers defying,
Alarm'd Saturnian Jove.

80

15. But, what could all the force of nature,
Porphyrion, thy unwieldy stature,
And what—Enceladus could wield,
The boldest champion of the field,
'Gainst Pallas' sounding, Gorgon-shield?

85

16. And the majestic Juno's ire,
Vulcan, devouring God, of fire?
And Neptune, thy trident blow,
Whom, raging whirlwinds follow,
And ever-graced with shoulder'd bow,
The Augur King Apollo?

90

17. Who, in Castalias' dewy waves,
His flowing golden tresses laves,

95

† *The ONE, forever just and good.*—N. B. A most remarkable expression in a heathen poet.

Who loves his natal wood,
 And Lycian, Delian abode,
 High Pataréan God? *

18. A great unwieldy body's force, 100

In want of conduct, fails of course,
 Whilst, wise-attemper'd works succeed;
 The Gods on high, assist the deed,
 Detesting brutal powers combin'd,
 With fiend-like sacrilegious mind. 105

19. Briáreus, with his hundred hands,
 Of sacred truths, a witness stands,
 And who, the chastity of Dian
 Attempted, infamous Orion
 By virgin arrow slain, 110

And Tityus, from whose lustful heart,
 The keeper bird shall ne'er depart,
 Unrespited the gnawing pain,
 And bound in Adamantin chain,
 PIRITHOUS, the lover bold, 115
 Three hundred links enfold.

20. With hideous weight, o'er-whelming, Parent Earth,
 Bemoans her impious monster-birth,
 Hurl'd by the fulminating blow,
 To livid Orcus doom'd, 120
 And Ætna, thy Æternal glow
 Of vengeful sulphurs—unconsum'd.

ODE

* High Pataréan, &c. The reason of this compliment, being so singularly paid to Apollo, is because he was the Tutelary Deity of Augustus, to whom, next unto Jupiter, he gave the greatest honors, and dedicated many Temples, and his Palatine Library. It is to be observed, that Augustus is here attended by all the greater Gods, Pallas, Juno, &c. See Virgil, B. viii. Sub finem.

Cum Patribus, Populoque, Penatibus, et Magnis Dis.

And on Cleopatras' side—armed,

Contra Neptunum, et Venerem, contraque Minervam.

The Dog Anubis, and the Gods of Nile,

With all the Monsters of her fruitful soil.

OMNIGENVMQUE Deum Monstra, et Latrator Anubis.

ODE V. THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

Cælo tonantem, credidimus Jovem
 Regnare, præsens, Divus habebitur
 Augustus, Adjectis Britannis
 Imperio, gravibusque Persis,
 Milesne Crassi.

1. **W**HEN Jove was thundering from above,
 We all believ'd in sovereign Jove;
 Nor less, Augustus shall be held
 A present Deity,
 Who adds to our imperial sway,
 The Britons, and dread Parthians quell'd.

2. Could * Crassus troops, renown'd in strife,
 Endure the turpitude of life,
 In arms of a barbarian wife?
 Mid foreign fires, grown old and grey,
 Beneath a Persian Monarch's sway?
 O State! O manners of the land

3. Revers'd—th' Apulian, Marfyan band,
 Forgot—his honors, toge, and name!
 The shields, of everlasting claim,
 And Vestas' unextinguish'd flame,
 Yet—Jove, and Empire stand!

4. Wise Regulus had caution'd this,
 Dissenting, from the terms of peace

Q

Inglorious

* Could Crassus.—These misfortunes had never befalln, if the wise advice of our ancestors, had been persu'd; this leads him to the story of Regulus, who discourag'd, and exclaimed against the exchange of prisoners, he was sent to solicit; upon his parole of honor to return, if he did not carry his point. The same spirit and example was shewn, in the wars of Annibal, who had taken eight thousand prisoners, whom he offered to the Senate at a small ransom, which they refused, adding, a Roman must conquer or die. The answer struck Annibal with terror, seeing such an exalted spirit, in the midst of calamity.

- Inglorious of the foe ; 20
 Foreseeing, by acceptance base,
 What mischief, in some future race,
 From precedent would grow ;
5. Unless, the Roman youth did all, 25
 By doom unmercifully fall,
 I saw, he said, our standards high,
 Display'd, o'er Punic Temples fly,
 In proud triumphant shew ;
 The gates unbarr'd, secure, repass'd,
 And realms, by your command laid waste, 30
 Submitted to the plough ;
6. I saw the free born Roman ty'd,
 His arms close pinion'd, to his side,
 And swords deliver'd up, untry'd,
 Undar'd one bloody blow. 35
7. ‡ Will ransom, fiercer to defy,
 Base dastard souls reclaim ?
 'Tis adding loss to infamy,
 And purchasing your shame ;
8. The fleece, once drencht in pois'nous stain, 40
 Shall never, native hue regain,
 Nor valour, once, it leave the heart,
 Shall e'er re-dwell th' ignoble part ;
9. If stag, deliver'd from the snare, 45
 Return, to face the hunter's spear,
 Then, manfully, shall he,
 Who, to the perfid enemy
 Gave up, and took a willing chain,
 Encountering face the bloody plain,
 And *mowing, a straw*, the next campaign, *a ironical* 50
 The field, with Punic massacre ;

‡ Will ransom, dastard souls reclaim,
 More eager dangers to defy ?

10. In the true means of life, untaught,
(Best with the sword in hand, refought,)

He made a mingled, motley strife,

Confounding peace, and war,

53

Forgetful, of his country dear,

I saw a Roman soldier fear,

And basely tremble for his life;

O shame! O Carthage rising proud,

O'er Rome's opprobrious ruins trod!

60

And unredeem'd, ye fathers—all

By doom unmerciful, must fall.

11. His tender babes, and bosom bri de

Repel'd—deny'd the kind embrace,

A Roman, now no more, he cry'd,

65

And sternly, held affixt on earth,*

His steady manly face;

12. Till, by unheard-of fortitude,

To wond'ring history,

His voice, the wav'ring fires, subdu'd,

70

To fix the hard decree.

13. Nor knew he not—what did prepare,

The barbarous executioner,

Ne'erless, repress'd the crowded way,

And weeping multitude's delay,

75

And through opposing friends, a moaning clan,

Prest on, the great self banish'd man,

14. † Serene, as when, all business done,

Adjudged by final laws,

Q 2

At

* For Mr. West's admirable picture, thus—

And sternly held affixt aside,

His steady, manly face.

† For the schools thus;

With countenance, and placid eye,

As when a pleasing journey bent on,

To sweet Venâfra, or Tarenton,

A Spartan Colony.

At length, the hard contested cause
Of Clients, he had won,
And hastned, to his calm retreat,
Cool Tybur, or Præneste's height.

80

O D E VI.

Delicta majorum, immeritus, lues
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et
Fæda nigro Simulachra fumo,
Dis, te minorem, quod geris imperas,
Hinc, omne principium, huc refer exitum.

1. **R**OMAN, thy fires transgressions call,
For heavenly vengeance, on us all,
Tho' guiltless, thou the wrath must bear,
Unless with more religious care,
'The tott'ring temples thou repair ;
The solemn sanctuary nods,
And dust, and smoke incrust our Gods;
2. That, bending you the Gods revere,
The Empire of the earth you bear,
Your piety they bless,
To this, from first, to last refer,
Your merited success ;
Place to this sad neglect—the cause
Of all our great Hesperian woes.
3. Twice has Monæses, late repell'd,
And, utmost Roman efforts quell'd,
In evil, inauspicious day,

5

10

15

4. And

And Pácorús, thy haughty trains
Smile in the added Roman prey,
Unto their gaudy chains.

20

4. We, in seditions fierce, abide,
While, waſting hoſts, our realms divide,
The Æthiop, and the ſavage Dace,
Prepar'd, our Capital to ſeize,
ONE, naval formidable foe,
And this, tremendous with his bow.

25

5. This age, inventive of new crimes,
Unheard, in old Romúlean times;
Ye firſt—in hot licentious blood,
Defil'd the ſacred, nuptial bed;
From this contaminated head,
Alloy'd with the degenerate clay,
Our Roman metal ^a melts away, ^{a wears away}
Our families, and race decay,
Hence—foul corruption, like a flood,
O'er Rome, and through the nations ſpread.

30

35

6. Now, Miſs in early teens is taught
The dance, with wicked leſſons fraught;
Her limbs, in wanton graces move,
Ply'd, to the ſoft Ionian mood;
Mature in Youth, the arts improve,
And nought but pleaſurable love,
From tender infancy perſu'd,
Infects th' inceſtuous brood.

40

7. She, to ſome young adult'rer, flies,
Nor is, in choice, of lover, nice,
Ruſhing—to interdicted joys,

45

And

And scorns, the common lewd, design,
 Advantage of her husband's wine,
 Nor heeds, the decency of night,
 Before him, and in conscious light,
 She's bid to rise, the Captain waits,
 Or some rich Factor from the Straights,
 Old dealer in this luscious game,
 Rank purchaser of precious shame.

50

55

8. 'Twas not a race of such as these,
 Who dy'd, with Punic blood, the seas,
 And fierce in thy paternal fire,
 Thee *Pyrrhus, mighty chief subdu'd,
 Who smote Antiochus the proud,
 And vanquish'd Annibal the dire.

60

9. But soldiers, masculin of mould,
 Inur'd to labour, sturdy, bold,
 With ^a ox they turn'd the stubborn ground, ^{a spade in H.}
 The forests with their axe resound,
 Obedient to severe command,
 Of Sabin, sun-burnt, Matron hand;
 And late, when the declining sun
 Had shifted shades, their labours done,
 With shoulder'd † load, they took their way, 70
 Releas'd the steer with toils oppress'd,
 And gave the friendly hour to rest,
 Fresh rising, with the rising day.

65

10. Time

* Thee Pyrrhus, &c. Instat vi Patriâ Pyrrhus. Vir. Æn. B. I.
 Pyrrhus King of Epirus, descended from Hercules, and by his mother's side from
 Achilles, he was the greatest general of the age.
 Ipsumque Æacidem, genus armipotentis Acchillei. Virg. B. VI.
 Proavoque tumescit Achille. Sil. Italicus.

† Shoulder'd load. Portare fustes.

10. Time ruinous, all things impairs,
 Our fathers, have been worse than theirs,
 And we then ours, next age shall see
 The " sons more profligate to be, *a a race in H.*
 And worse than these, their heirs,

75

O D E VII. To ASTORIE.

Quid fles, Asteriæ, quem tibi, candidi,
 Primo, restituent vere, Favonii,
 Thyná merce beatum,
 Constanti, juvenem fide
 Gygen?

1. **A**STERIE, why thus bewail
 Whom, due in early spring,
 Thy Gyges, ever faithful breast,
 And with * Bithynian treasures blest,
 The next returning Zephyr's gale,
 Shall to thy bosom bring? 5
2. He, by the angry Kid-star cross'd,
 Lies harbour'd on the Oric coast,
 And shedding many a tear,
 And the long night, in sleepless care 10
 Bemoans his absent dear.
3. And now, his hostess Chloé sends
 Her messenger, of wicked ends,
 To tell him how she sighs,
 (How dying in Asteries' flame) 15
 A hundred knavish tricks he tries,
 To lure him to the Dame.

4. Warns

* Bythinian ware. Bythinia, situated on the Thracian Bosphorus, very convenient for trade to Sidon, Tyre, Cyprus, Smyrna, and other places on these maritime coasts; their commodities and merchandizes may be seen at large, in the Apocalypse, C. 18. v. 12, 13

4. Warns—what † Bellerophon befel
 By slighting (perfid) female frail,
 Abstemiously chaste; 20
 When Præteús credulously sent
 His myrmidons, with black intent,
 (For treasons, which he never meant)
 To slay him as he past. *
5. How narrow scaped the jaws of hell, 25
 The ^a fire, who scorn'd Magneſſian ^b Belle, ^a Peléus.
 By continency cold—he proves; ^b Hippolyté
 With many a ſtale, fallacious, tale,
 In vain—inſtructing ſinful loves,
 For deaf, as Icarian billows, remains 30
 Thy Gyges, to Sirens deluſive, ſoft ſtrains.
6. Be you as cautious on your part,
 Nor let Enípeús touch your heart,
 And pleaſe you much too well;
 Tho, chief to rule the fiery ſteed, 35
 And ſtem, the rapid Tyber's ſpeed,
 The gallant Youth excel.
7. Shut you, at eve, your door well barr'd,
 Nor look into the ſtreet, or yard,
 To hear his muſic ſhrill, 40
 Tho' oft he call thee, CRUEL ! Hard !
 Be hard and cruel ſtill.

O D E

† Fir'd at his ſcorn, the Queen to Præteus fled,
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed;
 Incens'd he heard, reſolving on his fate,
 But hoſpitable laws reſtrain'd his hate,
 To Lycia the devoted Youth he ſent,
 With Tablets ſeal'd, that told his dire intent.

* Vid Pope's Homer, B. vi. l. 233. Præteus ſent Bellerophon, to a neighbouring King, with private orders to murder him, but Bellerophon eſcaped the ambuſh laid for his life. N. B. My tranſlation is not ſcrupuloſly true to hiſtory, but I have retain'd the principal circumſtances, relating to the ſubject.

O D E VIII. To MÆCENAS.

Martiis, cælebs quid agam, Calendis,
 Quid velint, flores, et acerra thuris
 Plena, miraris, positusque carbo, in
 Cespite vivo.

1. **W**HAT I, a batchelor, persue,
 On * March Calendæ—strange to you!
 (A festival, to Matrons due)
 What mean, these honors to the God †
 Why censer, embers, living sod? 5
2. Well verséd in each learned tongue,
 Mæcenas know—this day has long
 Been sacred held, to feast and song,
 Since I, so narrow, scaped the stroke,
 Of falling tree, by Faunus broke, 10
 Hence vow'd—on this returning day,
 My annual kid, to Bacchus gay,
3. And many a well ^a pitch'd cork shall fly, ^{a wax'd}
 And season'd flask, in mouldy rest,
 With consul Tullus' name imprest, 15
 In the campaign shall die;
4. To me, thus fortunately safe,
 A hundred friendly glasses quaff,
 And to resurgent Phœbus' rays,
 Prolong the vigil taper's blaze; 20
 Far hence, all clamour, ire, and cares,
 Of civic broils, or foreign wars,
5. Dire Cotison, is flown or dead,
 No more, th' infesting Medes, we dread,

† Every Roman, of any figure, had in his inward apartments, an Oratory, Penates and Altar, which he adorn'd occasionally.

* March Calandæ. First of March, the commemoration of the rape of the Sabines, when the violated ladies, interceding, made peace, which lasted as long, as the empire.

- Who, now dissentient, on the plain,
Fall in lugubrious arms, self slain; 25
6. The old hard Iber race obey,
The vagrant Scythian feels our sway,
Impatient of our Roman yoke,
At length fierce Cantabri are broke, 30
With bow relax'd, the Daci yield,
Determin'd to resign the field;
7. Immers'd in fears and public strife,
Sollicitous o'er-much, forbear
To forfeit pleasurable life, 35
Snatch thou, the moment as it flies,
And private, take presented joys,
And leave thy toils severe.

O D E IX. To LYDY. A DIALOGUE.

H O R A C E.

Donec, gratus eram, tibi,
Nec quisquam, potior, brachia, candidæ
Cervici, juvenis dabat,
Persarum, vigui, rege, beatior.

WHILE, I was pleasing to thee,
Nor other rival Lydy,
His winding arms, *a too welcome*, prest, *a more welcome* in H
Around thy neck, and snowy breast,
On Persian throne, no king e'er known 5
So blest—as I was with thee.

L Y D Y.

Till, by fair other, won,
Forsook, my bosom *snowy*,

In

In turtle moan, you left me lone,
 And took to black-ey'd Chloé,
 Not Venus, on her Paphian throne,
 More bright, and blest, than Lydy shone.

10

H O R A C E.

Now, Thressa Chloé rules my heart,
 Skill'd in the warbling soft guitar,
 And every tuneful art,
 For whom, even death I should not fear,
 If Heaven, my better half, the fair
 Supermanent, will spare.

15

L Y D Y.

I glow in flames of Calais' love,
 Sweet unison of heart, and joy,
 For whom, both pains, and chains, I'd prove,
 And death, I twice, and twice, would dare,
 If fates, my better soul, will spare
 The dear surviving boy.

20

H O R A C E.

But what, If Venus should return,
 And, in her golden ^a braces bind, ^a brazen yoke in H.
 Her couple late disjoin'd,
 If I, the black-ey'd Chloé scorn,
^b And, for *rejected* fair, re-burn, ^b And for the fair *rejected* burn.
 And Lydy's once more kind?

25

30

L Y D Y.

Tho' brighter He, than morning star,
 Thou light as flitting plume, in air,
 And wrathful, as the Adrian sea,
 As wicked winds unsteady;
 With thee, O may I ever be,
 And live, and die, thy Lydy.

35

R 2

O D E

O D E X. To LYCE.

Extremum Tanaim si biberes, Lyce,
 Sævo nupta viro, me, tamen asperas,
 Porrectum, ante fores objicere incolis
 Plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu janua, quo nemus?

1. **L**YCE, drank you remotest Don,
 The spouse, of some barbarian clown,
 Of cruel Scythian race?
 You'd weep, to leave, a wretch thus laid,
 The freezing earth, my rigid bed, 5
 And at thy gates, extended, throw
 Expos'd, to Aquilonian blow-
 -ing ^a natives of the place. *a* dwellers
2. Hark how the hollow tempest roars,
 And beats against thy creaking doors, 10
 And bellows through thy pleasing grove,
 Above, around thy seat, below
 The ^b breath, of pure Æthereal Jove; *b* The numen pure of
keeneſt Jove, in Hor.
 † Congeals the fleecy fallen ſnow.
3. Allay thy proud, diſdainful ſpleen, 15
 Ungrateful to the Paphian Queen,
 Leſt the ⁿ regreſſive, pully's run, *n* reverſed,
 Hurl thee, precipitated, down;
 Thy Tuſcan father ne'er got thee,
 A pattern of fidelity, 20
 To ſuitors haſh, Penelopé.
4. Tho' neither gifts, nor pray'rs avail,
 Nor vi'let hue, of lovers pale.

Nor

† And glazes with crystal and fleeces of ſnow. D.

Nor spouse, allur'd by soft guitar,
In arms, of his Pierian fair,

5. O! soft as oak, or rigid rock,
Thou, who to mildness art inclin'd,
As Mauritanian viper—kind,

And merciful in mind,

At length thy suppliant spare,

Nor, Lycé, think that always, either,

§ These patient sides, can, or will bear,

Thy threshold, and hard weather.

§ Nor think these sides, patient, will always sustain
Thy threshold hard-hearted, and sky-falling rain.

D.

Nor think these sides of leather,
Will always, Lycé, patient—bear
Thy threshold, and foul weather.

O D E XI.

Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro,
Movit, Amphion, lapides, canendo,
Tuque Testudo, resonare septem,
Callida nervis.

1. **O** MERC'RY, Master of the song,
For docil, with thy lessons fraught

The a boy, drew rigid rocks along, *a Amphion.*

And Theban wonders wrought;

2. And thou my well-instructed, shell,

In seven melodious strings, to swell;

Once mute*, but now, a welcome guest,

Sonorous, at the princely feast,

In temples of the Gods, carefs'd,

Produce

* Once mute. Made of the tortoise shell, mute, and insignificant, till strung.

- Produce me sounds—may sweetly cheer 10
 Even Lydy, of disdainful ear;
 3. (Who like a filly, rising three,
 Goes bounding, o'er the fallows, free,
 Too skittish, loath to prove
 The nuptial bit, and crude as yet I
 To mate, to * mellow love)
 4. For thou canst tame the Tyger-brood,
 The rapid current bind,
 And thou canst lure the list'ning wood,
 And quell the raging wind; 20
 5. To thee, the Keeper Dog of Hell,
 In supple adulation fell,
 Tho' arm'd, erect his fury-head,
 A hundred hissing serpents spread,
 And from his jaws, and triple tongue 25
 Black, pestilential venom hung;
 6. Even Tantalus, his thirst beguiles,
 And Tityus, grinn'd unwilling smiles,
 Charm'd with thy potent melody,
 The ^a perfid crew, forgot their toils, ^{a the Danaïdes.} 30
 Their leaky urn, a while stood dry;
 7. Strike my lyre, their well known fate,
 Let Lydy know, what PAINS below,
 On young maids, hard-hearted, wait;
 8. How the busy tub they fill, 35
 († False at bottom, ^z empty still) ^{z wanting}
 Let her hear, their wretched cries,
 Impious virgins! how they rise?
 What more sacrilegious could
 Their hands! embu'd in husbands blood? 40

9. Who,

† Mellow, lusty. in H.

‡ False at bottom. N. B. The emblem of their falsehood, of heart.

9. Who, each a virgin, each a wife,
 Implung'd the steel in bridegroom life;
 Yet, one of the conjur'd crew,
 To whom, fair nuptial torch, is due,
 Well worthy of its flame, 45
 Was faithful found, abhorr'd the oath,
 And nobly false, bely'd her troth,
 And lives in endless fame;
10. Awake! unto her spouse she cries,
 Least, sleep eternal close thy eyes, 50
 Arise, and shun th' impending blow,
 From where, you least expect a foe,
 Fly from a fire, and sisters dire,
 Like lionesses, o'er their prey,
 Who tearing, each, a husband slay; 55
 But I will neither strike, nor hold
 Thee, shut in this blood-thirsty fold;
11. Me, let a father rack in chains,
 Or send embark'd to earth's extreme,
 Or to Numidian desert plains, 60
 Beneath the fiery Cancers' beam,
 That, milder, I refus'd the sword,
 And tender, spar'd my "loving Lord; a wretched, in H.
12. Go, by the favour of the night,
 May Venus, kindly aid thy flight, 65
 May happy omens round thee dwell,
 And guard thee safe, thro' life—farewell;
 And ever mindful of me, leave,
 The plaint ensculptur'd on our grave. ODE

O! if my verse, can ought-pretend,
 Futurity to claim,
 My warmest spirit will I lend,
 To crown fair Hypernestra's name,
 Through endless time, with endless fame.

The' Horace, often speaks home to the heart, of their foibles, yet the fair are seldom

ODE XII. To NEOBULE,

Unfortunately smit with the love of HEBRUS.

Miserarum est, neque amori dare ludum,
 Neque dulci mala vino lavere; aut ex-
 animari, metuentes patræ verbera linguæ.
 Tibi, qualum Cithereæ puer ales,
 Tibi telas operosæque Minervæ
 Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebri.

1. **O** Wretched lot! Neóbulé,
 Of fair and young, who trembling fear,
 A Guardian's lashing tongue, severe,
 Who dare not give your passion play,
 Nor wash, with wine, your cares away; 5
2. The wingéd boy, who took his stand,
 So bid—by parent Queen,
 Has struck the shuttle from thy hand,
 And smit, with arrow keen,
 Thee, of Minerva-skill beguiles, 10
 And studious bent, to weary toils;
2. Far other cares, than of thy wheel,
 By charms of Hebrus, taught to feel,

In

dom offended, if their failings are delicately toucht. And tho' so many of his Songs are addressed to the Ladies, yet how few have ever read, or heard of the author? and indeed the uncouth, uncourtly manner in which they have been hitherto presented, had little pretensions to the *toilette*.

Had not this translator thought proper, frequently, to sacrifice Numbers, to Horace's sense, and the preservation of some *verbum ardens*, brilliant phrase, or epithet, necessary for the Schools, his verse would have been rendered, much more smooth, and flowing, as here, e. g.

Me, let a father rack in chains,
 Or send to earth's extreme,
 Or to Numidian desert plains,
 Beneath the Cancer's beam.

On the Schools account, he is scrupulously fearful, of omitting a Principal, and leaving a beauty undisplay'd. Thus in the Ode before us.

Quæ velut, latis, equa trima campis.

Who, like a FILLY RISING THREE.

EQUA TRIMA, is the leading, striking part of the Allegory, yet, omitted by all poetic translators.

— crimine ab Uno
 Disce omnes. There are many hundred such like omissions.

In lustre rising from the waves,

When He, th' incrusted oyls, ablaves;

15

3. Unconquer'd, on the dusty space

In fight, or rapid-footed race;

To wound the flying stag in chace,

Or boar, when latent in his lair,

Alert to rouse, and with his spear

20

‡ Receive the rushing war.

‡ And with his spear receive the rushing war. See this finely executed, in a picture (in the Earl of Derby's collection) drawn by the united pencil of Rubens and Sneyders.

ODE XIII.

O fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro,

Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,

Cras donaberis hædo,

Cui frons turgida cornibus

Primis, & venerem, & prælia destinat.

1. HAIL! fount, whose waters far surpass

The brightness of the purest glass;

Hail! Bandusia fount divine,

* To thee, due goblet crown'd with wine

Thy Bard in pure libation pours,

5

And not without his festal flow'rs,

A kid, with horns new budding, led,

Who learns to point with wicked head,

Whom youthful spring to warm desires

Of love, and bloody battle fires

10

In vain—to morrow with his blood

Shall stain thy cold transparent flood,

This capriped lascivious brood.

* To thee well worthy—sweetest wine. in Hor.

S

2. Thee

2. Thee, the dog of sultry ray,
 When in his rage he fires the day, 15
 Comes never near; thy shady seat
 The wand'ring noontide flock's retreat,
 Refreshing, to the thirsty steer,
 Fatigu'd with labors of the year.
3. And hallow'd in this song of mine, 20
 Rank'd with the founts of noblest line,
 I, down to future times, consign
 Thy pendent ilex, rocks, and caves,
 Whence salient burst thy babbling waves.

O D E XIV.

On the return of Augustus, from his second Cantabric Expedition.

Herculis ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
 Morte venalem petiisse laurum
 Cæsar, Hispana repetit penates
 Victor ab ora.

1. CÆSAR, my friends, reported late,
 Like fam'd Alcides, to have won,
 Purchas'd by death, the laurel crown,
 Is now, ^a returning to the state, ^a returned. 5
 And to his Guardian Gods, again
 A conqueror from Spain.
2. Rejoicing solely, in thy ^a spouse, ^a Livia, Empress.
 Fulfil, to Gods thy promis'd vows,
 And their due praise resound,

OCTAVIA

OCTAVIA, lead unto the Fane

10

The virgin, and the Matron train,

In suppliant fillet bound,

Ye mothers, who from fierce campaign,

Your sons receive, with conquest crown'd,

Join all—in thankful strain;

15

3. Ye youthful tribes, wed, and unwed;

And ye, who moan, a husband slain,

This day, at least, your tears restrain,

Ill-omined words refrain,

Be nought—but joy display'd.

20

4. This day, determin'd to be blest,

Shall chace all anguish from my breast,

I'll dread no death, from violent hand,

Nor civic jar, nor foreign war

While Guardian Cæsar rules the land.

25

5. Go boy, ordain the splendid feast,

With crowns, and roses for the guest,

And bring forth the old jar,

Big with the story'd Marfyan war,

If any yet remain,

30

That lurking, could escape,

Beguiling, SPARTACUS, thy ^a rape,

^a rapine.

Vague, o'er the wide champaign.

6. Invite Neæra, warbling fair,

And bid—dispatch her essenc'd hair,

Or come, in knottéd Spartan mode,

With neck and bosom bare,

If the surly porter rude,

Deny her, or delay,

Without reply—haste thou away;

40

S 2

7. These

7. *These snowy locks, do chill my blood,
Of wrangle, and fierce battle proud,
* Yet—tell him, if he's crusty,
I'd not have bore't in Plancus day,
When, I was young and lusty.*

45

* Yet tell him, if he's crusty,
'Tis, what my master would not bear,
When, Consul Tullus fill'd the chair,
When he—was young and lusty.

ODE XV. To CHLORIS.

*Uxor pauperis Ibyci,
Tandem nequitiae fige modum tuæ,
Famosisque laboribus.
Maturo propior define funeri,
Inter ludere virgines,
Et Stellis nebulam spargere candidis.*

1. **T**HOU wife of Ibycus the poor,*
Disguising guilt, in sordid name,
At length, thy †famous toils give o'er
And life, of dissoluteſt ſhame,
Forbear mature, near thy long home,
To ſport with nymphs in virgin bloom,
Dispreading, as the baneful night,
A cloud, mid conſtellations bright;

5

What

* When the prostitutes of Rome grew old, that they might continue their infamous commerce with impunity, they married some poor wretch who was more their slave than husband. *Pauperes eligunt, ut nomen tantum virorum habere videantur, qui patienter rivales sustineant, si mustiterint, illico projiciendi.* S. JEROME. Such were Chloris and Ibycus. TORR. DAC.

† *Famosisque laboribus.* Alluding to the toils of Hercules, in which, she was as indeed fatigable in her way. This is the liveliest phrase in the whole Ode, yet omitted by all our translators. What they do not see, they are not obliged to translate.

What well becomes the gay fifteen,
 At fifty—with abhorrence seen; 10
 Nor vie, in tapers' dying flame,
 With Pholoes' eye, of lucid beam,
 'Tis now thy buxom daughter's place,
 To storm our doors with better grace,
 Like maddling *æ* Evies, when she bounds, *æ* Bacchanals 15
 The cymbals waking Orgie-sounds,
 She newly stung by Nothus' loves,
 Wild as a wanton filly roves,
 Or as in hot lascivious play,
 The frisking kid, in burning day; 20
 Thy wools, with juice Tarentine stain'd,
 The spindle, and the web, command,
 Not, soft guitar, with trembling hand,
 Nor glances of lack-lustre eye,
 Nor Massic casks exhausted, dry, 25
 Nor rosy vernal bloom display'd,
 Become a wintry, wither'd head.

Become gray, wintry, wither'd jade.

ODE XVI.

Inclusam Danaen, turris ahenea,
 Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
 Tristes excubiæ, munierant fati,
 Nocturnis ab adulteris.

1. **I**NCLOSED Danaë, tow'rs of brass,
 And gates,—inpenetrable pass,
 • And watchful dogs, a surly race, • And sentry dogs, in Hor.

Had

- Had, safe and well, secur'd the maid,
 From midnight questers of † incestuous bed, 5
2. Had not with Jove, fair Venus, smil'd,
 How old Acrisius would be guil'd,
 The trembling keeper of his child,
 When he o'er all a way should find,
 Safe leading, to the nymph confined ; 10
 For well they knew, no fort could hold,
 Against a God, when chang'd to gold.
3. Gold walks directly through the guard,
 Or, breaks through rocks, and castles barr'd,
 Stronger than Fulmen's winged course, 15
 Impelling, with resistless force,
 * The Argive Augur's race was struck,
 The house, with desolation shook,
 By bribe, to Eryphilé frail,
 Wife, husband, sons, all—victims fell. 20
4. † The man of Macedon, like thunder,
 Burst brazen walls, and gates asunder,
 And by his sapping arts, o'erthrown,
 The jealous Kings, around him won,
 Nor is the hard sea-Captain's heart, 25
 Steel proof, against this poy's'nous dart.
5. With growing wealth, comes, growing care,
 And thirst of more, with much to spare ; 5. With

‡ N. B. Horace uses *adulterous* and *incestuous* for wicked and forbidden.

* The Argive Augur. Amphiaraus, knowing by oracles, that he should never return, refus'd to go to the Siege of Thebes, where he, and his son perish'd ; his wife Eryphylé, discover'd him, in his concealment ; the surviving son, Adrastus, slew his mother for her treachery, and Eryphylé's brother kill'd him. — Thus by the bribe of a pearl necklace, set in gold, the whole family was ruined. Hor. could not have chose an example more a propos to his subject.

† The Man of Macedon. Philip, was the most consummate Politician of his age, and by bribing some, and siding with others, he so weaken'd all parties, that he easily overcame them, one after the other.

But I, have justly had in dread,
 Mæcenas Knighthood's grace, 30
 Abroad, a vain conspicuous head,
 Invidiously, to raise.

6. The more we to ourselves deny,
 The more, the bounteous Gods supply,
 I leave the standards of the high, 35
 And to the banners of the poor,
 (Contented troops—uncraving more)
 A willing, nude, deserter fly,

7. More splendid Lord, of decent feat,
 Tho' sneer'd at by the proud, and great, 40
 Than if I'd all Apulias' plains,
 Well cultur'd by her sturdy swains,
 Possessor of vast hoarded store,
 Amidst abundant plenty, poor.

8. A stream, pure gliding through his ground, 45
 A wood, with a few acres bound,
 Not treach'rous to their master's toil,
 Whose harvests annually smile;
 Above, Proconsular of Spain
 And fertile Afric's wide domaine, 50
 † And foiling Monarch's of the East,
 He's of far happier lot possess;

9. Tho' no Calabrian toiling bee,
 Collect, ambrosial dews for me,
 Tho' rich Falernian juices fail, 55
 Languescant, in the precious gale, Nor

† Fallit Sorte beator. Latet, fugit, some explain it
 Unknown to Monarchs of the East.

Others take it in the sense of beguiles, foils, and flings, as vulgarly said; like Æsop, when he chose the bread-basket the heaviest lot at first, but soon becoming the lightest, he beguiled, foiled and flung his fellow slaves by a better choice; it will then be at above. And foiling, &c.

- Nor flocks, far led from || gallic mead,
 Are bleating o'er my Sabin vale ;
 10. Yet, above sordid meanness, shewn,
 And indigency importune ; 60
 Nor would, my friend, kind to the muse,
 If I could ask it, more refuse.
 11. BETTER, for me to regulate
 My passions to my rents,
 And thus § extend a small estate, 65
 Restraining many † vents, ^a *a wants.*
 Than if I held, in my command
 The treasures of all Lydia's land ;
 12. Who, covet much, forever will, *
 Infatiate, find much wanting still, ‡ 70
 'Tis well, to whom kind heaven,
 Sufficient, and with sparing hand,
^b The just enough hath given. *b Hath competency given.*

O D E

|| Gallic Mead. Cisalpine Gaul, betwixt the Alps and the Po, famous for her breed of sheep and fine wool.

§ Extend my small estate. So Sanadon. Dacier, and others explain it thus

Better for me to regulate
 My passions, and each idle bent,
 Extending thus a small estate,
 I easier yield my slender rent,
 Than, if I'd thousands at command,
 For—The man, of thousands, covets more,
 Still wanting in encreasing store, 'Tis well, &c.

Or thus: Better for me to regulate,
 My passions, and each idle bent,
 I easier yield my slender rent,
 Than, if I'd all the Phrygian state
 And Alyattus, land &c.
 The man of much, yet covets more,
 Still wanting, &c. and therefore 'Tis well, &c.

† Vents. Extravagances, outlets, outgoings, to gratify passions and inordinate desires, better regulated, and kept under, to make my estate go farther.

* For—who covet much. The omissions, of these particles in Lyric poetry make many people imagine, that Horace is flighty and unconnected; not readily seeing, the CATCH-WORD, he starts from. Vid. Ode 4, of this B. Stanza 11, and the notes.

‡ Still wanting. Perhaps, alluding to Crassus, who tho' possessed of immense treasures, undertook the Parthian expedition, in which he perished, for the sake of Persian plunder, and in his journey to the East, stript the Temple of Jerusalem of its richest Ornaments, and the golden beam, over the Sanctuary. Vid. Josephus.

O D E XVII to ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Æli, vetusto, nobilis ab Lamo,
 Quando, et priores, hinc Lamias ferunt
 Denominatos, et nepotum
 Per memores, genus omne Fastos.

1. **O** Ælius, of the noble race,
 of Lamiaë, from Lamos old,
 Denominatéd from the place,
 As in recording Fasti told,
2. Once Latian Kings, their empire wide, 5
 They spread where § Liris' waters glide,
 Slow winding to ^a Marica's shores, a Circe's.
 And rais'd the antient Formiain tow'rs.
3. If—old rain-croaking Augur's, true, 10
 To-morrow, some foul weather's due,
 A tempest, from the East shall pour,
 Thy groves, and vineyards shall be tore,
 And strew'd, with useless weed the shore;
4. Heap the dry wood-logs, while you may, 15
 Indulge, thy genius in old wine,
 To-morrow, I shall with thee dine,
 Fail not to roast a sucking swine,
 And mindful, while we feast and play,
 Give, to thy slaves, a holyday.

§ Liris. Rura quæ Liris quietâ
 Mordet aquâ taciturnus annis, B. 1, od. 31.

O D E XVIII. To FAUNUS.

Annually Sung on the 5th of December, when he was supposed to retire from Italy, to pass the winter in Arcadia.

Faune, nympharum fugientum, amator,
Per meos fines, et aprica rura
Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis
Æquus alumnis.

1. **O** Lover of the flying fair,
O'er my bounds, and sunny-mounds,
Gentle Faunus, lightly tread, †
Benignant spare my fleecy care,
And mild, unto my herds, recede.

5

2. If with annual kid and wine,
And the fuming spicy gale,
I feed thy ancient shrine,
If to thee the bowl I swell,
with Bacchus, social Venus hail
In honors due divine.

10

C H O R U S.
Lightly o'er my bound'ries tread,
And gentle spare &c.

3. On thy none-Decembrian day,
If my cattle careless stray,
On verdant mead my oxen feed,
And ruminant in ease,
And swains around their toils allay,
And tune their rustic lays.
4. See, forgetful of his prey,
The wolf with daring lambkins play,

15

20

4. See

† The transit of a God, was deem'd terrible, both by heathens, and jews; thus, the sacred writings, *est enim phasè i. s. transitus Domini*, it is the pass-over, the transit of the Lord our God.

And the woods with bending head,
 To thee, their rural honors shed,
 With vengeful foot, the delving swain,
 Thrice bangs the sod, he turn'd with pain,
 And cheerful sings thy praise.

25

C H O R U S.

Lightly o'er our bound'ries tread,
 And gentle spare our fleecy care,
 And mild, unto our herds recede.

N. B. I have given this ode, as I think, it was, and ought to be sung; the Chorus being, *per meos fines, et aprica rura, &c.* at least thrice repeated.

O D E XIX. To TELEPHUS.

Quantum distet ab Inacho
 Codrus, pro patria non timidus mori,
 Narras, & genus Æaci,
 Et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio;
 Quo Chium pretio cadum
 Mercemur, &c.—taces.

1. **H**OW far, from Inachus of old,
 Intrepid Codrus, stands enroll'd,
 Who, for his country willing dy'd,
 And race, of Æacus the sage,
 Proud Troy, and Achilléan rage,
 And all her sacred battles try'd,
 You eloquent enough unfold;
2. To screen us from Pelignis' cold,
 Who house, and genial baths afford,
 Where purchase best commodities,
 And where the purest *a* Chian lies,
 Not Telephus—one single word;

5

10

a wine.

T 2

3, Hence

3. Hence—with thy vain Chronology,
 And swiftly fill us glasses three,
 Unto the new born Phœbé, Boy, 15
 And to our rising midnight joy,
 And to Murena Augur, ow'd;
 The muse delights in number odd,
4. What Bard refuses to the nine, *
 His glasses, three times three, to join, 25
 Until, th' exstactic, stares—divine?
 By threes; and nines we'll quaff our bumpers,
 Triplets are the social numbers,
5. The Graces, *Trio* debonair,
 Hand in hand with bosom bare, 25
 Fearing, rising riot, cautious
 Vow, that more than three debauch us.
6. In madding joy I'll break all bounds,
 Strike the Berécynthian sounds,
 Why that silent hautboy hung, 30
 Why that Phrygian lyre unstrung?
 Fling roses with unsparing hand,
 I do detest a niggard band;
7. Let invidious Lycus, hear,
 And neighb'ring nymph, our madding cheer, 35
 Unaccomodating fair,
 Who, th' old dotard cannot bear.
8. To ^a thee—mature in fullest bloom ^{a Telephus}
 The willing Chloé deigns to come,
 O Youth, of comely ^a glossy hair ^{a bushy in H.} 40
 Bright beaming, as the morning star;
 While I, for my relentless dame
 Still ^a pine in slow consuming flame. ^{a burn in H.}

O D E

* *Like Shakspear.* And thrice to nine, and thrice to thine,
 And thrice, to make the number nine.

O D E XX. To PYRRHUS.

Non vides, quanto moveas tumultu,
 Pyrrhe Gætulæ catulos Leænæ?
 Dura, post paulo fugies inaudax
 Prælia raptor.

1. **P**YRRHUS, what dangers you address?

Attempt—Getulian Lions

Of tauny whelp to rob?

But soon stout ravisher you'll shun

The fight, and infamously run,

When she pursues her cub,

2. And through the train of hunters bold,

Begins the mighty fray,

If she shall snatch, or you withhold

Victorious your prey;

Meantime—while you prepare your bow,

And point your arrows at the foe,

She, grinding teeth in dreadful shew,

* The arbiter of strife, and prize

The boy (his cloak laid down) enjoys,

And bids the combat grow.

3. Refreshing in the fanning air

His graces, and his essenc'd hair,

Adown his shoulders spread,

As Nireus fair, or Ganymede,

Rapt from Mount Ida's † humid head.

O D E

• Interim dum tu celeres sagittas
 Promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos;
 Arbiter pugnae posuisse nudo
 Sub pede pallam.—fertur.

Read *Pallam*, not *Palmam*, which is arrant nonsense; but there is some humour in the Boy's coolly laying down his Cloak, &c. to survey the battle, while they were fighting for him. *Quid agis? Saltas in palla? Sanusne es? Plautus. Et mille alia exempl.*

—Nireus, Puer, aut aquosa.—Raptus ab Ida.

† Humid. The Πολυπιδδακας of Hom.

O D E XXI. *To his FLASK.*

O Nata mecum consule Manlio
 Seu tu querelas, five geris jocos,
 Seu rixam, & insanos amores,
 Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum.

1. **O** FLASK, with me of equal date,
 Co-born, when Manlius rul'd the state,
 Whatever's in thy bosom pent,
 Or—broil, or smile, or soft complaint,
 Wilt thou with madding love torment, 5
 Or with gentle sleep, o'erspread,
 Recline thy votry's placid head?
2. Big with what other genial pow'r,
 Well-worthy of this honor'd hour,
 Descend—Corvinus bids, produce 10
 More-mellow, languid flowing juice,
3. Tho', with Socratic lore imbued,
 He'll not, like a Cynic rude,
 Scorn thee, in abrupter mood,
 'Tis said, old ^a Cato's stubborn soul, ^a Cenfor Cato. 15
 Oft warm'd her virtue with a bowl;
4. Thou canst tortures mild apply,
 To genius, oftentimes rigid, dry, *
 Gently taming to comply;
 You strip off the grave disguise, 20
 From the councils of the wise,
 Producing, where they secret lay
 In ambush, flush'd, with Bacchus gay,
5. Hope with thee, fair fugitive,
 Returning, bids the wretched live, 25

You

* Men of genius and science, often harsh, and austere, till mellow'd with wine.
 The cart-wheel creaks not, when 'tis liquored. **BACON.**

You, to timid-poor dispense
 Hornéd brow of confidence,
 Arm'd with thee, he scorns to fear
 The tyrants frown or martial spear ;

6. Bacchus light—and Venus fair,
 If she come, with cheerful air,
 And her graces, hand in hand,
 Slow to loose the knottéd band,
 And the living taper's flame,
 Shall prolong thy purple stream,
 Till returning Phœbus bright,
 Puts the languid stars to flight.

30

35

O D E XXII To DIANA.

Montium custos nemorumque virgo,
 Quae laborantes utero puellas
 Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,
 Diva triformis.

1. **G**ODDESS triform, of hills, and plains,
 The guardian of our woodland scenes,
 Who thrice invok'd in pious pray'r,
 Reliev'ft the agonizing fair,
 From throes of the tormenting womb,
 And snatchest from the tomb.

5

2. Long pendent o'er my wall this pine,
 I thankful, vow forever thine,
 And with the annual flood,
 Of wicked * boar, with tusk oblique,
 Who minitating learns to strike,
 Henceforth to be endow'd.

10

O D E

* The boar, pernicious to trees,—his blood a rich manure,

ODE XXIII. To PHIDYLE

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus
 Nascente Luna, rustica Phidylé,
 Si thure placaris & hornâ
 Fruge lares, avidaque porca.

1. **W**HEN first appears the crescent horn
 Of Phœbé newly born,

If thou wilt raise thy hands supine,
 Give incense to thy Lares' Shrine, *
 Appease the gods, with greedy swine,
 Or with thy grain new shorn,

2. No storms thy loaded vines shall tear,
 Nor the malignant Afric, fear,
 Nor blight thy bearded ear,
 Nor shall contagious spreading death,
 From Autumn's pestilential breath,
 Annoy thy fleecy care.

3. Let victims that luxuriant feed,
 In snow-topt Algid's Ilex-woods,
 Or rich Albanian mead,
 Distaining Axes with their floods,
 Pontifically bleed ;

4. But this relateth not to thee,
 Industrious Phidylé,
 Thy flocks, and herds, so pompously
 Profuse of blood to slay,
 Adorning Shrines, with rosemary,
 Sweet Myrtle, and the Bay,

5. Uncostly

* Dr. Byrom, here reads, avidasque Parcas. i. e.
 The greedy Parcas sooth with wine,
 Or with thy grain new-shorn.

He thinks it absurd, that Phidylé should offer sacrifices of blood, when she is restrained to the fruits of the earth only.

5. * Uncostly, gifts, from harmless hand, ^a Thy costless
 And simple heart of guilt unstain'd, 25
 And cakes, of ^a sprinkled salt and meal, ^a crackling in H.
 The wrath of Gods averse to quell,
 Not less, than Hecatombs avail.

• Shall with offended Gods prevail,
 When slaughter'd Hecatombs shall fail,
 The widow's mite was accepted.

ERRAT. Ode xvii. line 8, for Formuain read Formian towers.

O D E XXIV. *Against MISERS.*

Intactis opulentior
 Thesauris Arabum & divitis Indiæ,
 Cæmentis licet occupes
 Tyrrhenum omne tuis, & mare Apulicum;
 Si figit adamantinos
 Summis verticibus dira necessitas
 Clavos; non animum metu,
 Nor mortis laqueis expedit caput.

1. **O** ^a Greater Roman in thy own, ^a richer in H.
 The treasures of the East unknown,
 And rapines, of the Persian throne;
 Tho' occupied the whole Champagne,
 Thy buildings stretcht to the Tyrrhene, 5
 Conjoin'd to the Apulian main;
 If once necessity, dire foe,
^a Present the Adamantine blow, ^a let fall.
 What free thy soul from conscious fears,
 What expedite thee from the snares, 10
 Of death's investing woe?

2. Campestrian Scythians better far, †
 And ^a Getes beneath the rigid star, ^a Goths
 Vague, houseless in their rolling car,
 No certain spot, no landmarks bound, 15
 Th' unmeasur'd, unallotted ground,
 Unproperty'd the golden grain,
 And free to all the cultur'd plain;
 Providing for a single year,
 Successive toils all equal bear, 20
 Altern they sow, and reap the ear;
 No stepdame, murderously plies,
 The noxious draught to infant cries,
 No wife high-dowr'd o'er rules her spouse,
 Nor heeds the gay adult'ers' vows, 25
 In merit rich, in treasures poor,
 The parent's virtue's, virgin's dowr,
 Unviolated nuptial faith,
 'Tis sacrilege to sin, and ^a sin is death. ^a its wages death.
 Arise—some great, illustrious good, 30
 To tame this lust of civic blood,
 The father of his country bold,
 Inscrib'd on monumental gold,
 To slay this growing monster, hate
 To virtue, while alive and great, 35
 Regretting—envious, when too late,
 And curb licentious vice, eccentric roll'd;
 Away—with idle plaintive care,
 Unless restrain'd, by penalties severe,
 And what severest laws avail, 40
 If precedent and morals fail?

If

† Who live so, as not to fear to die,

If neither Lybian heats extreme,
Beneath the Cancers' fiery beam,
Nor regions dank of freezing air,
Where Boreas rules the utmost sphere, 45
Where Scythian tempests ever blow,
Congeal'd to earth, eternal snow,
Nor death, nor danger, can restrain,
The merchants greedy lust of gain,
In victor avarice they sweep, 50
And skill, subdues the horrid deep,
If want, the worst of ills, we fear,
By want, through all we *a* dare, and bear, *a* we rush
Thy arduous path neglected lies,
Vain virtue—pointing to the skies; 55
Go—to the Capitolium throw,
And consecrate to God,
(And all with honor shall applaud)
Or, to the nearest Tiber's flood,
This matter, of all ills below, 60
Thy gems, and ore, a useless store,
If with sincere, and honest breast,
Repentant, thou thy frauds detest,
Root up the elemental seed
Of covet, rank, luxuriant weed, 65
Inform the tender mould to bear,
The rougher bent to hardy war,
Inur'd to discipline severe;
Thy son's effeminatly bred,
* Untaught to rule the gallant steed, 70
And shuns the yellow Tyber's speed,
The labours of the bow, and chace,
And dusty, military space,

More skill'd in Græcian troque, and throws
 The dice, forbid by Roman laws; 75
 And yet—for this unworthy heir,
 The fire shall toil from year, to year,
 Cheat neighbour, guest, and friend, and lie,
 And forfeit every human tie;
 By vilanies, and perjuries, 80
 The hastned, wicked sums arise,
 And yet—I know not how, there's wanting
 Something, always short and scanting.

This something wanting, unpossess,
 Corredes, and levens all the rest. PRIOR. 85

• Horace complains that young men of quality, were not early taught to ride and hunt; we have amended this mistake in education, for here young gentlemen learn to ride and hunt before they can read.

Thy son's an ignoramus bred,
 Perhaps, can neither write, nor read,
 But early mounts his little steed,
 And cheers the pack, &c. See DON. MISCEL.

O D E XXV. To BACCHUS.

Quo me Bacche rapis tui
 Plenum? quæ nemora, aut quos agor in specus
 Velox mente nova, quibus
 Antris Egregii Cæsaris audiar
 Æternum meditans decus,
 Stellis inferere, et Conciliis jovis?

I. O ! Whither bear me full of thee,
 Great Semeleian Deity?
 What rocks remote, what secret woods,
 What grots to hear my lays,
 In what enthusiastic floods,
 " Rapt in new soul I rise, a Swift in H. 5
 In

To lofty Cæsar meditating grace,
 Æternally to raise,
 And in Jove's sacred Synods place
 Enthronéd in the skies?

10

2. Unattempted sounds, of yore,
 Swift, to the new, and bold I soar;
 As shook from sleep, on Hæmus' steep,
 The Priestess * Evies ^a gaze, ^{a Bacchanals.}
 Enrapt to see, white Rhodopé,
 And Hebrus icy-bound,
 And tow'ring tops of snow-clad Thrace,
 And o'er the mount impuls'd aronud,
 Barbarian feet, in rustic measures bound,

15

3. Nothing-vulgar, low, profane,
 Nought mortal speaks Phæbéan strain
 To thee, whose potent sway,
 A thousand Naiadés obey,
 Virago-nymphs ^a imbued with thee, ^{a inspir'd}
 Up-tear the rooted monarch tree;
 Sweet dangers! o'er the daring hight,
 And precipice untrod,
 To follow thee, in wild delight,
 O! Ivy-bound, with pampine crown'd
 O! sweet Lenæan God.

20

25

30

ODE

* Extatic Evies gaze. The Bacchant Thyades, and Evixæ, who came from hot climates, and travel'd through Egypt,

Et Memphim carentem Sythoniâ nive,

Had never seen this wonderful spectacle of nature, viz. a whole country suddenly covered over with ice and snow, and what an agreeable surprize it is, we learn from our West-Indians, and others, who come here in the winter months.

ODE XXVI. To VENUS.

Vixi, puellis, nuper idoneus,
 Et militavi non sine gloria,
 Nunc arma, defunctumque bello
 Barbiton, hic paries habebit,
 Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
 Custodit.

1. **I** Serv'd, in Venus * wars of late,
 And fought with some renown,
 My † Barbiton, now out of date,
 It's office nobly done,
 I'll hang (on *left-hand* of her throne) 5
 By sea-born Venus' fide,
2. My lucid taper's end, I'll throw,
 Bow, bars, and military store,
 Which, stern to many a bolted door,
 The brazen hinge defy'd. 10
3. Sweet Queen who rul'st o'er Cyprus Isle,
 And † snowless Memphis on the Nile,
 And softnest hearts of Scythian rock,
 Bid Chloë's bosom pant,
 Touch with one light correcting stroke, 15
 This naughty arrogant,

ODE

* Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.
 Lovers are soldiers, Cupid has his tents,
 His bow, and darts, and warlike implements.

† Barbiton. Horace consecrates his serenading Barbiton, and instruments to Venus; soldiers, sailors, and others were accusom'd to offer their arms, or some symbols of their profession, to Mars and Neptune, or some other God, presiding over that branch of business, when they quitted it.

† Snowless Memphis. This line, seems to me to have been added, on purpose to give light to the dark passages of the preceding ode. See Note.

ODE XXVII. To GALATEA.

Impios parræ recinentis omen
 Ducat aut prægnans canis, aut ab agro
 Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,
 Fœtave vulpes.

1. **Y**E Gods, ill-boding omens send,
 Notorious villains to attend,
 Bitch in farrow, tawny Fox,
 Issuing from Venusian rocks
2. Grizly wolf—and chattering jay ; 5
 May slimy serpents terrify,
 Oblique, as arrow gliding by,
 Athwart his steed, in swiftest speed,
 And his destin'd journey stay ;
3. I for whom, I loving fear, 10
 A prudent Scer, the skies explore,
 And call the croaking bird, by pray'r,
 From Orient day—before he takes,
 To fenny shores and stagnant lakes,
 Sure Prophet, of the coming show'r. 15
4. Live Galatée, happy live,
 Whatever clime, thy fates may give,
 And mindful of thy Bard remain,
 For no Sinistrous omen's plague,
 Loquacious pye, nor ravens vague, 20
 Thy ready bark detain ;
5. But yet, I fear Orion prone, *a declin*
 And stars unamicable known,
 Let Scythian foes, and spouses dread,
 The heaven's dark movements, over head, 25
 The rising, of th' impetuous kid,

6. And

6. And swelling ocean, when it roars,
And shakes the verberated shores,
I know what black Adria means,
And how the white Japyx fins,
Perfidiously serene, 30
7. 'Twas thus Europà credulous Queen,
Was by false specious Bull misled,
And to the smiling deep betray'd,
And daring try'd, his snowy side,
Mistrustless of his placid mien ; 35
8. But soon repents—advent'rous rash,
When rolling billows, round her dash,
Pale, amid monsters of the flood,
Discerning late, too bold the fraud ; 40
9. That morn, who fram'd with nicest hand,
The chaplets for her Virgin-band,
Is now abandon'd to despair,
And tearing her dishevel'd hair,
When nought she saw in glimm'ring light,
But stars and seas around, in fright, 45
10. And when at length arriv'd at Crete,
Her hundred cities boasting great ;
Whence, am I, whither come ? she said,
The while, a flood of tears she shed, 50
11. Forsook—all piety, and claim,
To country, Gods, and filial name,
My tender parents left to moan,
A single death, cannot atone
Default, and griefs, not mine alone ? 55
12. Do

12. Do I, awake, deplore my shame,
Or is't a flitting Phantom dream *
Which scaping ivory gate display'd,
Deludeth me, too loving maid ?
13. Who late in rural innocence,
Had cull'd each flowret sweet to sense,
Delights ! did I, *thus better*, leave,
To tempt a length of rugged wave ?
14. O ! that some fate, once more would bear,
To my revenge this wicked steer,
With cruel steel, dismangled torn,
How I would break his ivory horn,
Ah ! ‡ lately lov'd so fair ?
15. Ah ! wretch, I shameless dared to fly,
And shameless—yet, I cease to die,
And Hell's delay'd—if any hear,
Ye Gods, assent to my last pray'r,
16. Naked † defenceless let me stray,
Mid lions, an unpitied prey,
E'er age of meagre aspect, seek,
My damasc, not uncomely cheek,
Fair victim, with my richest blood,
Thus, let me feast the Tyger-brood.
17. I hear, my absent Father call,
Base Europá, bleed and fall,
Or, if thou dreadst the ponyard's stroke,

X

Thy

* Dream. Sunt gemina somni portæ. VIRG, B. vi. in fine.

The dome of sleep, two splendid gates adorn,
Of purest iv'ry one, and one, transparent horn,
Through this, true visions, easy exit find,
Thro' that false dreams, and phantoms of the mind.

† In full pursuit of her revenge, love and pity return, and nature breaks out,
Ah ! lately lov'd so dear.

She does not thoroughly hate him in her highest rage.

‡ Naked defenceless. Criminals were thrown naked to wild beasts, others were permitted to defend themselves.

- Thy faithful § Zone, well sav'd, unloose,
 And pendulous, from yonder oak,
 Receive, th' embracing friendly noose,
18. Or take precipitated Death, 80
 From pointed rocks, and seas beneath,
 Better implung'd in the wave,
 Than live debas'd, a spinster slave,
 A Princess of Agenors' line,
 Some rude Barbarians' concubine, 85
19. Thus, as impendent o'er the main,
 the fair one moan'd in piteous strain,
 Came Venus, * perfid-smiling Queen, 1
 Attended, by the cruel Boy,
 His bow in hand unstrung, 90
 And rallying, in malicious joy
 Awhile, at length she sung ;
20. Forbear, outrageous swelling heat
 And faithful Zone, in ready fate,
 You'll cease your moaning, when you see 95
 This Bull of odious horn,
 Shall bend the knee, and yield to be
 By thee, dismangled torn,
21. Know, rais'd by Venus Queen of love,
 Thour't wedded to all conquering Jove, 100
 Bear well thy fortune, and high claim,
 For of this Earth's trisected frame,
 The noblest part shall take thy name.

ODE

§ Zone, well saved. Emblem of chastity preserved.

* Perfid smiling Queen. The perfidum ridens Venus, in malicious joy, is finely expressed in a picture of Circé, in the possession of H. Blundel, Esq; at Ince Hall.

Horace has wrought this story of Europa, to a perfect Drama, in miniature, we see her in a state of innocency, her undutifulness punished, betray'd, to distress, misery, and led to the brink of destruction, and (dignus vindice nodas) when nothing but a miracle can save her, left happy in the arms of Jove. We see many instances of this weakness, but few examples of relief.

ODE XXVIII. To LYDE.

Festo quid potius die
 Neptuni faciam? prome reconditum,
 Lyde strenua, Cæcubum,
 Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiæ.
 Inclinare meridiem
 Sentis.

1. **T**HIS Neptunes' festal † crowded day,
 With the resort, by land and sea,
 Lydé, how can I better pass?
 Thy hoarded store, bring ^a nimbly forth, ^a stoutly
 Divest thee, of thy graver airs, 5
 And thy entrenched wisdom's * cares,
 Attemper with Lyæan mirth,
 The day rolls on a pace;
2. You see the Sun, past half his run, †
 And yet, as if the God would stay, 10
 And wingéd hours stood still,
 To bring your Bibulus § flask delay,
 And loit'ring cease to fill;
3. We'll sing the Gods, altern, in strain,
 I, Neptune, and the Nereide-train, 15
 The blue-ey'd daughters of the main,

† Crowded day. When Rome was thronged, like London at a Coronation.

* Wisdom's cares. Tu lene tormentum, ingenio admove
 Plerumque duro
 Munitæque abhibes vim sapientiæ.

† Past half his run,
 Declining to the West.
 And yet, &c,
 To bring your Bibulus flask delay,
 Condemn'd, like him t'ignoble rest, &c.

§ Bibulus was chosen Consul with I. Cæsar, and shut himself up, inactive, during his whole Consulship, hence the name of Bibulus, became proverbial, for what was leath to come out, as Lyde's flask.

- And you shall chaunt, to warbling lyre,
 Latona, and the virgin choir
 Of Dian, with unerring dart,
 Who pierces Lynx, and fleeing hart, 20
 4. Then, to the highest summit, raise
 Thy note, to Cytheréas' praise,
 The Empress of the Cycladés,
 Revisiting her Paphian plains,
 With purple doves, in filken reins; 25
 In one deserved lay we'll join,
 To night, that crowns this day divine.
-

O D E XXIX. To MÆCENAS.

Tyrrhéna, Regum progenies tibi,
 Non ante verso, lene cadum, mero,
 Cum flore Mæcnas rosarum,
 Et pressa tuis balanus capillis,
 Jamdudum apud me est, eripe te moræ.

1. **D**ESCENDED, of old Kings Tyrrhene
 Mæcnas, I have long laid by,
 A cask untouch'd, of mild campane;
 And for thy hair, press'd essence rare,
 And Roses—fresh supply. 5
 2. Break from whatever may delay,
 And snatch thyself from cares away;
 Say, wouldst thou ever gazing dwell on
 The * prospects, o'er the wide champagne,
 And Æsulas' black sloping plain, 10

And

* The Prospects. The poet endeavours to put him out of conceit of Rome, prospects, &c. to allure him to the country.

And oozy Tyburs' side,
Circéan Hills of Telegon,
A spurious Parricide?

3. Forbear awhile, thy splendid Dome,
Ascending to the skies,
And much admired, *happy*, Rome,
Smoak, hurry, wealth and noise;

15

4. From full fastidious pomp retreat,
A change, delightful to the great,
When, to some humble cot they steal,
And without bloom, of Persian loom,
They take the neat, but homely treat,
And wrinkled brow of care dilate,
O'er comfortable meal.

20

5. Androméds' Sire, betrays his ire
Occult, the dog inflames the sky,
And Prócyon with his sickning ray,
And madding lion smite the day,
Hot, pestilential dry.

25

6. The shepherd and his languid sheep,
The thickest shade together keep,
The lazy waters sleep,
No fanning breeze, to wave the trees,
Or wake the silent deep.

30

7. While you in watchful toils for Rome,
Are brooding over what's to come,
Solicitously prest,
With Seres, and discordant Don,
The realms of Cyrus, and the Sun,
And Bactri—ne'er at rest.

35

8. Creator wise, in endless night,
Has well conceal'd, from mortal's sight,
The exit of to-morrow,

40

And

And smiles, when we o'er-anxious dread,
Beyond all ^a sense, ills over head, ^{a reason.}

45

Anticipating sorrow ;

9. The present day's thy only aim,

And calmly this dispose,

The rest much like the Tiber's stream,

The current ebbs, and flows,

50

Now gentle and within his bed,

Meandring through the flow'ry mead,

Glides to the Tuscan seas ;

10. Anon, o'er-turbid in career,

He through the woodlands strays,

55

The forests tore, the mountains roar,

The swains, and cots, are swept away,

Flocks, herds, one undistinguish'd prey,

When deluge, and the angry year,

Tormenting, placid rivers raise.

60

11. Lord of himself—that man shall pass

In chearful life away,

Who to each sun's departing face,

Can say, I've liv'd to day,

12. The next, let the Saturnian roll

65

Serene, in purest ray,

Or, shake the firmamental Pole,

In sable clouded Majesty ;

He can't undo, what's done,

He can't recall, what's come, and gone,

70

What, with the rapid hour's, once flown,

And frustrate thee O sun.

13. An insolent, capricious Dame,

Still busy fortune plies,

Pleas'd with her tupsy-turvy game,

75

Transferring

Transferring honors blind,
To me, now to another kind,
Th' uncertain mistress flies ;

14. I love and praise her—while she stays,
* But if, the fluttering wings doth wave, 80
Resigning freely what she gave,
I lap me in my virtue warm,
And with no other dow'r,
I proud defy the vixen-storm,
In honest merit poor. 85

15. What is't to me, if tempest roar,
The mainmast, and the rigging tore?
I need not hurry me to pray'r,
To bargain, with the Gods, to spare
The Tyrian ware, and add no more, 90
Unto the greedy ocean's store,
Who've nothing out at sea,
Let merchant tremble in his bed,
Or, let the lending usurer dread,
It roareth not to me. 95

16. Even then, in slender skiff I'd sail,
And, madding-Bosphor, head,
Secure, in the tumultuous gale,
With double Pollux's aid.

• But if she shakes her sitting wings,
Resigning freely what she brings.

ODE XXX. To MELPOMENE.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ, Pyramidum altius.

1. **A**BOVE all Pyramids in height,
And regal Mausolean state,

Out

- Out-during, arts of labour'd brass,
 Shall stand the monument, I raise,
2. Nor fretting pow'r of element, 5
 Invidious shall deface,
 Nor Aquilonians, ^a impotent, a raging whirlwinds
 Shall shake the solid base.
3. Nor flitting round, of Ages roll'd 10
 Through the immense of time untold,
 Nor death, shall all absuming, bear,
 Great part of me, shall scape the bier,¹
 Still blooming, with the ripening year,
4. Still recent, in sequacious praise, 15
 To sons of sons, remotest days ;
 While e'er shall Capitol ascend
 The ^a Pontifex, and silent maid attend ; a The Priest and
silent&c.viz. Vestal.
5. Where, down Abrupts, impetuous bore,
 The falling Aufid's torrents roar,
 Where Dauntus * held, (of feeble stream) 20
 Saturnian sturdy sons, supreme ;
6. High princely, tho' of humble stem,
 I first induced, th' Æolian Lyre,
 And tuned to Latian, moods the wire ;
 By merit earn'd, assume my muse, 25
7. A conscious pride—nor thou refuse,
 The honors, due to just renown,
 Melpomené, thy Delphic crown.

* The Father of Turnus, also the name of the Apulian River, weak in dry weather.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE FOURTH
B O O K
OF THE
ODES *of* HORACE.

ODE I. *To* VENUS.

Intermissa, Venus, diu
Rursus bella moves? Parce precor, precor
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ; desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis abi,
Quo.

1. **W**H Y after long permitted ease,
O Venus, war again,
Why Goddess, dost thou break the peace,
And urge me to a fresh campaign,
No champion as, in golden days,
Of Cynara's mild reign?

2. Hence—cruel Queen of sweet desires,
Forbear delusive wanton fires,
And spare at length thy swain,
Nor press, with o'er-imperious hands
A heart, with many a wound impair'd,
In ten long * Lustræ callous, hard
To bend to soft commands;

* Lustræ. A term of five years.

3. Go, meeter for the Young and fair,
 Invok'd, by sighs and soothing prayer, 15
 Wing'd with thy doves, and purple ^a car; ^{a swans.}
 Wouldst thou congenial bosom move,
 Inflaming, with thy torch of love;
4. To Paulus' festive dome repair,
 He's gentle, and of graceful air, 20
 Not silent in the cause of woe,
 When clients call his weighty flow;
5. His princely household he'll display, |
 And thou shalt revel night and day,
 He with a hundred wily arts, 25
 Knows to ensnare, thy vot'ries hearts,
 And smiling, he will overcome
 The emulating sons of Rome
 With gifts, and strike the envious dumb,
 And with thy banners wide unfurl'd, * 30
 Display thy empire o'er the world,
6. And near his Alban lake, implace
 Thy polish'd form, on Parian base,
 Enthron'd beneath a ^a Cyprian beam, ^{a Citron}
 And Arabéan sweets shall flame, 35
 And thou shalt breathe abundant steam;
7. The harp and Berecynthian Lyre,
 And softer lute shall join in choir,
 And heavenly joys inspire;
 And boys, and nymphs of snowy feet, 40
 Shall tripping, Lydian measures beat,

And

* This line is taken from Gray, a professed imitator of Horace; had I remarked, as I passed along, the many imitations of him, in our Lyric Poets, scarce an ode would be found, wherein, I could not track some of them, in our authors' snow, (as Dryden expresses it) Gray and Cowley are full of them, and Pope has borrowed many shining sentiments from him, which he has improved with infinite true wit, in which, undoubtedly, he is superior to all poets that ever were. The reader is not to suppose, these passages are stolen from our poets, but, that in just poetical restitution, they are returned to the owner.

And twice a day, thy Godhead praise,
 And hail thee, Paphian Queen of grace,
 And thrice to thee, altern in bound,
 Shall shake to Salian moods the mound.

45

8. On me, cold age slow creeping, steals,
 With care, and languor at her heels,
 No more I cred'lous, hope to find,
 Sweet, happy unison of mind,

Nor he, nor she delighteth me, SHAKS.

50

Nor brow, with recent, garland crown'd,
 Nor feats of wine, nor feast jocund ;

9. But why, my fair one, still too dear,
 Steals down th' involuntary tear ?
 Unmanly—in full volley, hung

55

§ Why, silent, drops my fluent tongue ?

10. I chace thee in my midnight dreams,
 Through Tyber-woods, and through the floods,
 And now I seize, and grasp thy charms,
 Ah ! cruel, flitting from my arms,
 Roll'd, with the rolling streams.

60

Left, in the voluble swift streams.

§ Uncomely—in full flow—why hung,
 And, silent, drops my ready tongue ?

O D E II. To ANTONIUS TULUS.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,
 Jule, ceratis ope Dædalæa
 Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
 Nomina ponto.
 Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
 Quem super notas aluere ripas,
 Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
 Pindarus ore.

1. **W**HO takes bold Pindar for a guide,
 And emulates his flame,
 To some pernicious height shall ride,
 Like Icarus in fame;
 His waxen pinions cease to play,
 Of Dædalæan frame;
 He falls, and leaves to some sad sea,
 His monumental name.

5

2. Like mountain torrents, flush'd with rains
 Descending, he sweeps o'er the plains,
 And overflows all bound;
 At once full, fervid, and profound,
 The deep-mouth'd Pindar fills the vast
 Immensity around.

10

3. Princely he claims the lyric bays,
 In new, bold Dithyrambic phrase,
 Impetuous in his rate;
 Unfetter'd, unconfin'd he goes
 In lawless numbers roll'd, and grows
 Irregularly great.

15

20

4. Or,

4. Or, chaunts he Gods, or sons of men,
 Or who, from Gods descended, reign,
 By whom were Centaurs justy fell'd,
 Regorging flames Chimæra, quell'd,
 Or victors from th' Eléan game,
 Conducted god-like, cown'd with plam ; 25
5. Th' Athletic band, the foaming steed,
 The chariot whirl'd, in wingéd speed,
 † He gives a wreath of higher worth,
 Than all the prizes upon earth, 30
 To each illustrious name ;
6. Or mourns, in some well fought campaign,
 " Their hope, in blooming manhood slain, a the Youth
 The weeping brides' distressful cares ;
 He shews once more those golden days, 35
 When sanctity and virtue please,
 And lifts them to the stars ;
7. And snatching victory from death,
 He vindicates the brave,
 Defrauding, with his vivid breath, 40
 The black invidious grave.
8. Whene'er the swan of Dirce flies,
 On wing, of mighty wind he plies,
 Through tracts of heavenly clime ;
 I like Matínas' bee below, 45
 O'er oozy banks of Tyber go,
 Or bask on humble thyme,
 Here I, with weary toil and pain,
 " Pick up my small poetic grain, a Collect
 And work it into rhyme. 50

† He twines a wreath of bright renown
 Surviving brass or sculptur'd stone.

9. With stronger hand, and bolder bow,
 Thyself shalt sing the victor brow,*
 Of Cæsar justly crown'd,
 When o'er the Capitolian mound,
 Amid the loud triumphant din, 55
 He drags the fierce Sicambers, in
 Eternal fetters bound,
10. The public joys, long festal days,
 The brave returning conqueror's praise,
 The laws upheld; the wrangling bar, 60
 Devoid of all contentious jar,
 The universal peace,
11. And thee, O! ever glorious Sol,
 What brighter day canst thou record,
 In annals of perennial roll, 65
 Bestow'd on earth? I've liv'd to see
 The best that e'er could shine on me,
 Which hail'd my safe returning Lord;
 What greater blessings could afford
 The Gods, what more divine unfold, 70
 Altho' Saturnian times restor'd,
 The age of purest gold?
12. And when the solemn pomps ascend,
 And shouts the vaulted temples rend,
 Then, will I lend my honest part 75
 Of gratulating voice and heart,
 (If I ought worthy ear can raise)
 Amid resounding choral lays,
 Repeated Pœans will I join,
 Triumphant I OS sing, 80
 Give victims to the Gods benign,
 And sacred incense bring. 13. Ten

* ————Of Cæsar's brow
 With laurels justly crown'd.

13. Ten bulls—as many heifers—thee,
 A fatted calf redeemeth me,
 From dam dismiss'd, luxuriant grown
 For pious vows; as moon new born,
 His brow presents a crescent horn;
 On forehead seen, a ^a starry crest ^{a blazing}
 Of snowy hue—in all the rest,
 The mother's tawny brown.

85

90

ODE III. TO MELPOMENE.

Quem tu Melpomené semel
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,
 Illum non labor Isthmius
 Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger.

1. **W**HOM you, Melpomenè, on earth
 Once blest, ^a with aspect mild in birth, ^{a beheld}
 And influencing eye;
 The labours of the Isthmian game,
 The gauntlet, and Athletic fame,
 Come not his bosom nigh;
 2. Nor coursers stretching for the race,
 Nor chariots, whirling o'er the space,
 Shall lift him to the sky;
 Nor the proud pomp of glorious war
 Present him laurel'd in the car,
 To Capitolian mound †
 Triumphant, o'er the threatening hosts
 Confounded, maugre tumid boasts,
 In brazen fetters bound.

5

10

3. But

† This line of Horace—*Ostendet Capitolio. &c.* is one of the proudest verses ever made in the same compass of syllables.

3. But where by Tybur, rolls along 15
 The fertile wave, allur'd by song
 Ennobled by the nine,
 The thickest shade, in cool retreat
 By fountain laid, shall form him great, 20
 In smooth Æolian line.
4. That—now I head the Lyric quire,
 Call'd by the Sons of princely Rome;
 * Less gnaw'd by wicked tooth, along
 I pass, ^a ostended to the Throng, ^{a now-pointed} 25
The Father of the Roman Lyre,
 And Envy's dead, or dumb.
5. Sweet goddess of the vocal shell,
 Whose touch th' harmonious wire can swell,
 Who if she pleases can, 30
 Give language to the breathing lute,
 And cadence to the fishes mute ||,
 As sweet as dying swan.†
6. If e'er I struck the harp to please, 35
 Or breath'd one tender line,
 To thee, with honor due I raise
 This monumental verse, this praise,
 Melpomené, is thine.

* Less bit by wicked tooth and tongue.

|| The lyre formed of the tortoise shell.

† CYCNUS, king of Liguria, who retired from government, to solitude, woods, lakes, and song; was (from the resemblance of name probably) by the poets metamorphosed to a swan, *sit nova Cycnus avis*. OVID. And from hence swans, (the poetical sons of Cycnus) are all supposed to be songsters.

ODE

ODE IV. THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem
 Cui ~~rex~~ Deorum regnum in aves vagas
 Permisit, expertus fidelem
 Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.

1. **F**IERCE, as the wingéd minister of flame,
 To the incenséd thund'rer's aim,
 Sole Sovran o'er the realms of air,
 High Delegate of Jove,
 Approv'd, in Ganymede the fair,
 Of loyalty and love.

2. When forth, he issues from the nest,
 By youth, and fire paternal prest,
 Incumbent on the vernal gales,
 With panting heart, at first he sails,
 Unknowing in the skies,
 Till by degrees, the fanning breeze,
 Administer the poise;

3. Anon, in native vigour bold,
 He sowses, on the fleecy fold,
 Impetuous, in the flight,
 He dares the Dragons' fiery hold,
 Reluctant in his mail of gold,
 And sports in blood and fight;

4. Or, as dismiss'd, from tawny Dam
 The whelp, in quest of bloody game,
 With milky tooth, and unflesh'd jaw,
 The grazing kid, in horror, spies
 The Cub—first destin'd sacrifice,
 Unto his novice claw,

5. Was Drusus, on the alps, beheld,
 By Rhætic, and Vindelic Hosts,
 Who, maugre all their frantic boasts,
 By conduct of the Youth, requell'd,
6. Felt, what could force of Roman mind, 30
 In * Nero's high bred heirs,
 Beneath Augustus' eye refin'd,
 By his paternal cares.
7. Brave sons, spring from the brave and good,
 The Sire's transfused in the brood ; 35
 In lusty bulls, and stallions fleet,
 This faithful line of blood we meet,
 Nor does the fiery bird of Jove,
 Beget a cold, and warless Dove ;
8. But, howsoe'er we prize our birth, 40
 'Tis culture, must mature it's worth,
 The native pow'rs unfold ;
 Without it, nature sinks to loss,
 Ungracious a flaws distaining gross, *a morale in H.*
 Debase the brightest mould ; 45
 The choicest metals' mixt with dross,
 'Tis art refines the gold.
9. What Rome, unto the Neros, owes,
 Metaurus, long as e'er he flows,
 Shall faithfully relate ; 50
 O! day, to Rome forever dear,
 The first that shone, auspicious, fair,
 With ‡ distributions of the year,
 The first, of Hannibals' despair,
 By Asdrubals' defeat ; 55

When

* Drusus acted, in the first campaign, singly ; accordingly, the first compliment is paid to him, the poet now artfully unites them in the sequel.

‡ When account was received of any signal success, wheat-flower was distributed to the people ; hence victory, and adorea, became synonymous terms.

- When that ^a Barbarian, like a flame ^a Hannibal
 With blazing sulphur fed,
 Fierce * riding on a whirlwind came,
 And o'er the nations spread ;
 10. From that day forth, our arms were blest, 60
 Advancing in success,
 The victims bleed, the altars blaze,
 The § upright Gods, their thrones possess,
 And Fanes by Punic rage defaced,
 Return'd their sacred grace. 65
 11. At length, did the dire ^a perfid say, ^a Hannibal
 “ Stags, to rapacious wolves, a prey,
 “ We willful, are pursuing close,
 “ A brood, we ought to shun,
 “ † Opimous triumph, o'er our foes 70
 “ Is, to elude and run.
 12. “ From flaming Troy, this hard-bred race,
 “ Vain toss'd, and wreck'd on Tuscan seas,
 “ Whose sons, and mellow'd fathers cross'd,
 “ To this Hesperian coast; 75
 13. “ This Roman, like his Ilex oak,
 “ Whose tops, Mount Algid, overlook,
 “ In never-fading honors shook,
 “ The more our axes hew it,
 “ With heart, that's never to be broke, 80
 “ More life, and vigour from the stroke
 “ He gains, and rich recruit.
 14. “ The Hydra lopt, grew not more stout, |
 “ 'Gainst Hercules, who stood in doubt,

* Or riding, as a whirlwind came,
 O'er seas Sicilian spread.

§ Upright. Their statues overthrown, set upright.

† Opimous triumphs. Opimous spoils, i. e. Royal Magnificent.

- “ And griev’d to be o’er-matcht ; 85
 “ No Theban monster scaly hard,
 “ No Colchic Dragon, o’er her ward,
 “ More horrible e’er watcht ;
 15. “ You plunge him in the deepest main,
 “ And * fairer he’ll emerge again, 90
 “ In starry honors bright ;
 “ Or wrestling, hurl him to the ground,
 “ Antæus like, he will rebound,
 “ In new recover’d might,
 “ He’ll throw the victor, whole and sound ; 95
 “ And matrons to their sons endite,
 “ The chief in conquest crown’d.
 16. “ No more proud messages I send
 “ To Carthage, of fierce battles won,
 “ Our Punic fame, is at an end, 100
 “ Kind Fortune fled, and gone,
 “ For on that day, of evil fate,
 “ The intercepted * Chiefs’ defeat, * Afrubal
 “ Was Hannibal undone.”
 17. What, will not Claudian arms effect ? 105
 Whom, the benignant Gods, protect,
 In conduct and in might,
 Sagacious, vigilant in care,
 And quick in every art of war,
 To turn the doubtful fight. 110

* Fairer he’ll emerge. Alluding to the star Hesperus in Hom.

Ἀστὲρ ὀπωρινὸς ἐναλίγκιον, ὅς τε μάλιστα,
 λαμπρὸν παμφανήσι λεγόμενος ὠκεανοῖο

O D E V. *To* AUGUSTUS.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
 Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu ;
 Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
 Sancto concilio, redi.
 Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone patriæ,

1. **A**USPICIOUS, heaven-descended birth,
 Best guardian of Romulean earth,
 Defender of the state,

Thy venerable Senates mourn,

The people call for thy return,

Prolong'd, beyond the promis'd date,

5

2. Illustrious, in thy natal sphere,

Give light unto thy country dear ;

Thy aspect, like the genial spring,

Dispels the gloomy year,

And suns a brighter lustre bear,

And happier seasons bring.

10

3. The mother, when her darling son,

Far o'er the wide Carpathians' gone,

Withheld, beyond his annual run,

By envious winds' delays,

In anguish, kens the distant seas,

15

4. Calls him with Omens, tears, and sighs,

And every God implores ;

Nor can remove her eager eyes,

Bent on the winding shores ;

Not, with less faithful ardors, prest,

Doth Rome, her absent Lord, request.

20

5. For, safe the ranging oxen graze,

And ruminant with ease,

25
 And

And fruitful Ceres swells the grain,
 And happy plenty crowns the plain;
 And o'er secure, and * warless seas,
 The wingéd, fearless sailor flees.

6. Returning honor, now hath fame, 30
 And conscience knows the sting of shame,
 No crimes pollute the nuptial bed,
 Law, and example quell the deed,
 And strike the spotted monster dead;
7. We praise the mother, in her race, 35
 The fathers' likeness, shews her grace;
 Default is checkt by pain, and feels,
 Th' avenging lictor at her heels.
8. While Cæsar rules, who fears alarms?
 The Parthian, or hard Scythian swarms, 40
 Or the enormous German brood,
 Or the †old Iber's, hotter blood?
9. Each forms the day, unto his bent,
 In easy rural labours spent;
 We prune, or lead the cultur'd vine, 45
 And round the widow-elm entwine,
 Return at eve, and close the day,
 With feast and every blessing gay;
10. The banquet moved, the second board,
 We crown to Jove, and thee, ador'd, 50
 Pursue thee with libations pour'd,
 And mix, with Deities, thy praise,
 As mindful Greece, of Hercules,
 And her Tyndarid race. 11. Long

* *Pacatum* volitant per mare Navitæ.

— We have no adequate word, for *Pacatum mare*; for quell'd, peaceful, allay'd, appeas'd, &c. all refer to storm, and tempest, which has nothing to do with this idea, viz. the seas cleared of pirates, and commerce and navigation rendered safe.

† Old Iber's. *Servit Hispanæ vetus hospes oræ.*

11. Long mayst thou give these holidays ;
 It is our fasting pray'r,
 We sing it gay, when Phœbus' rays,
 Are sunk beneath the sphere.

55

O D E VI.

Dive quem proles Niobæa magnæ
 Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor
 Sensit, & Trojæ prope victor altæ
 Phthius Achilles:

1. **G**OD of the silver bow
 Whose shafts', unerrant blow,
 Felt—Tityus ravisher obscene,
 And dire, to all her blooming Young,
 (Avenging insolence of tongue)
 The boasting ^a Theban Queen, ^a Niobé 5
2. And ^b Peleus' victor son, ^b Achilles.
 All Ilion, Who by prowess won ;
 Tho', sprung from Thetis, Queen of wave,
 Above renowned champions brave, 10
 Withstood not thee in fight ;
 Tho' battling with tremendous spear,
 Who, shook the Trojan tow'rs with fear,
 Bow'd to Phæbéan might,
3. As pine, by biting axes' stroke, 15
 Or ^a Eurys' rage, the mountain oak ^a whirlwind's rage
 Impuls'd, he fell abroad dispread,
 * Laid, in the dust his haughty head.

* And laid in Trojan dust, &c.

4. He

4. He disdain'd, nobly free,
 In Pallas' steed, inclos'd to be, 20
 Belying rites, in crafty guise;
 Nor would, beguiling, Priam's court,
 In evil hour dissolv'd in sport,
 With midnight arms surprize;
5. But, open, mercylefs in doom, 25
 The Phrygians, old and young,
 Would all, in blazing pile, consume,
 The mother, babe of speechless tongue,
 And latent in the womb;
6. Had not Æneas been heaven's care, 30
 For won by thee, and Venus fair,
 Jove doom'd, assenting to your pray'r,
 Her son, should change th' imperial seat,
 In distant realms his walls to rear,
 With more auspicious fate. 35
7. O! Father, of the warbling lyre,
 Whose touch can harmonise the wire,
 Who lov'st to bath, in Zanthus' stream,
 Thy flowing locks, of golden beam;
 Thy Daunian Muses' grace sustain, 40
 And give due honors to her strain;
8. To me, the Delian God imparts
 The spirit of his Lyre,
 To me, he gives the tuneful arts,
 The name of Bard, and fire. 45
9. Ye noble Youths, and Virgins fair,
 Your Dian's Tutelary care;
 Amid the luminaries bright,
 Who sung the crescent Queen of night, 50
 10. Swift

10. Swift to revolve her monthly reign,
 Benignant to the swelling grain;
 Transfixing, with unerring bow,
 The spotted Lynx, and fleeing doe;
 Observe my Lesbian feet, severe
 In cadency, to hand and ear; 55
11. And wed, in honor you shall say,
 "When, came the Æra's festal day,
 "We Virgins, young and docil, sung
 "To Gods, th' Horatian Choral lay." 60

ODE VII. To TORQUATUS.

Diffugere nives; redeunt jam gramina campis,
 Arboribusque comæ;
 Mutat terra vices; & decrescentia ripas
 Flumina prætereunt.

1. **T**HE snows are fled, and earth in turn recollects
 Has chang'd the hoary scene,
 New budding leaves, the woods adorn,
 And meads, a vivid green;
 And gently gliding, through the plain, 5
 Decreasing floods their banks contain;
 And, bosom bare, the graces dare
 Lead forth, their virgin train.
2. Admonish'd, by the rolling year
 To changes ever bent, 10
 And circling day soon snatch'd away;
 Hope not, for ought that's permanent,
 Unperishable here.

Cold Winter yields, to Spring's soft gales,
 Close-press'd by Summer, at her heels,
 To die, by chasing Autumn foil'd,
 Who, of his mellow load despoil'd,
 Recurrent, lazy Winter feels.

15

3. Black night resigns to blushing morn,
 The waning moon, renews her horn,
 And seasons shall return;
 But we, once sinking to the urn,
 Involv'd in Stygian night,
 With Tullus, and old Ancus laid,
 Are dust, inanity and shade,
 Ne'er to revisit light;

20

25

4. Who knoweth, if benignant pow'r,
 Will, add one day, or other hour,
 Unto the present flow?
 But what, you cheerfully bestow,
 With amicable heart, we know,
 Shall scape the heir's all-grasping claw,
 And deaths' irrevocable law.

30

5. And when, thy life well-canvass'd o'er,
 The judge shall splendid judgment pass,*
 Nor piety, shall thee restore,
 Nor birth nor eloquential grace;
 For neither Dian, virgin cold,
 Hath, chaste Hippolytus, recall'd,
 From his Lethéan hold;

35

40

Nor

* Hath noble sentence pass,
 Nor piety, &c.

Nor birth, nor eloquence high grac'd.

Nor Theseus, all thy friendly pains,
 To hell descending, kind,
 Could burst the Adamantine chains,
 Which, dear Pirithous confin'd,†
 Forever must enfold.

45

† ———— Trecentæ,
 Pirithoum cohibent, catenæ.

O D E VIII. To CENSORNUS.

Donarem pateras, grataque *commodus*,
 Censorine, meis, æra sodalibus;
 Donarem tripodas præmia fortium
 Graiorum; neque tu pessima munerum
 Ferres.

I'D send them brazen statues bold,
 And frowning chiefs in gems and gold,
 Eléan tripods, prize and grace
 Of victors, o'er the dusty space,
Commodious friend, if I could spare,
 To comrades dear, such treasures rare;
 Nor should the meanest prize be thine,
 If I were rich in arts divine,
 By Scopas, or Parhasius done,
 One great in colours, one in stone,
 Heaven-taught, to strike the man, or God,
 And thund'ring Jove with awful nod;
 But I've no power, nor you such mind,
 Or want of gifts so high refined;
 We poets deal in no such thing,
 As gems and gold; we only sing,
 And give you what the muses bring.

5

10

15

No splendid miracles of Greece,
 Yet presents, wrought as high as these,
 And *vouch the worth of every piece. 20
 Take then, 'tis all I can bestow,
 Sweet verse, thy high delight, and know,
 No labour'd arts which senates raise,
 Inscrib'd with monumental praise,
 So like in every feature shewn, 25
 The brave †revive, and breathe in stone, a relive
 Nor, dawning high expressive mind,
 In vivid light, and shade combin'd,
 (Nor Hannibal, † at length in dread,
 When maugre menaces—he fled, 30
 Retorted tenfold on his head;
 Nor haughty Carthage in a flame,
 Which gave the chief his victor name
 Well earn'd, entitled Africane,
 The pride of Rome, and Punic bane,) 35
 Can ever elevate thee more,
 Than words of strong poetic †lore, a pow'r
 Or the Calabrian muses bays,
 With lyre in hand, and dulcet lays.

In

* Vouch the goodness of the piece. Alluding to Auctioneers.

† Horace is here alluding to the public monuments, and history pieces of the last Punic war erected to the honor of Scipio; in some we may suppose Hannibal, was express'd after the battle of Cannæ, elated with success, looking down on Rome in the attitude of one menacing death, and destruction; in another his speedy flight; despairing, and retreating to the defence of Carthage, now threatned by Scipio.—*Rèjet-que retrorsum Hannibalis mine.* Vide Book IV. Ode IV. *Occidit spes omnis.* In others Carthage sackt and in flames, with the haughty victor running his hostile plough over the ruins.

imprimeretque muris
Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.

We may guess at the extent, and size of the City, which continued burning seven-
 teen days.

In silence of the tuneful bard, 40
The hero loses his reward ;
Of Ilias' son, what had become,
The mighty founder of old Rome,
Had, black, withstood such merit high
Invidious taciturnity ? 45
Doom'd to oblivion—with the throng,
Unless preserv'd in sacred song,
By favour of their sounds divine,
Embalm'd in sweet Parnassian line.
Who lifted Æacus from hell, 50
In shady vales of bliss to dwell?
The man of worth shall never die,
The Muse forbids, and throning high
Consigns him, to Eternity ;
With virtuous toils, unwearied, prest, 55
We give Alcides to the feast,
On purple couches with the blest ;
The twin-Tyndarids to the skies,
And sailors bless them when they rise,
The shatter'd bark the wave defies ; 60
And Bacchus, rais'd by us, a God
With ivy crown'd, the pious good,
Conducts, unto the starry road.

ODE

ODE IX. To LOLLIVS.

Ne fortè credas interitura, quæ
 Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum,
 Non ante vulgatas per artes
 Verba loquor, focianda chordis.

1. **B**ORN at far-sounding Aufids' falls,
 (O LOLLIVS) dont believe, what I
 Produce, when Phœbus calls,
 Sweet sounds concordant to the lyre,
 Which by no vulgar arts aspire, 5
 Were ever doom'd to die.

2. Tho' chief, Mæonian Homer, stand,
 We still admire bold Pindar's hand,
 And melting Cæan strains,
 Still tyrants hear Alcæus threat, 10
 And roll'd in numbers, deep, and great
 Stesichorus remains.

3. Nor is, at all, by time decay'd,
 What, sweet Anacreon play'd,
 And love still breathes, in every line, 15
 And strikes in every string divine,
 Of the Æolian maid.

4. Was Spartan Helen, th' only dame,
 Who felt the fierce adulterous flame,
 For comely Boy, of flowing hair, 20
 Embroider'd vest, and regal air,
 And pompous train display'd?

5. Or, Teucer, first, who long ago,
 Directed the Cydonian * bow,

And

* Toξων κυδωνος

And Gnosſian ſhafts' unerring blow?

25

Sole ſack't renowned Ilion,

Or ſhe, but once o'erthrown?

6. Was Tydeus' ſon, the firſt who bled,

In honor, of the nuptial bed?

Idomeneus, and Sthenelus,

30

To wield the ſpear, or rule the car,

Sole ſkill'd—in ‡ every point of war?

Or wounded, for his country dear,

Deiphobus alone?

For boſom wife and darling ſon,

35

Won Hector all renown?

7. Brave men and heroes too, had been,

E'er Agamemnon held his reign;

Well worthy of the muſe, in fight;

All—overwhelm'd, unmoan'd, unknown,

40

Involv'd in Stygian night;

In want—of Bard of Helicon,

To bring them forth to light.

8. What differs valour, if it lies

Conceal'd—in times to come?

45

Alike, the inert daſtard dies

Forgotten, in the ſilent tomb.

9. But, I'll not unadorn'd leave,

Nor let thy labours high,

O! Lollius, in impunity, *

50

A prey, to livid canker lie,

In the oblivious grave.

10. Vers'd

‡ Every point of war. *μαχης ευριδοτε πασης.*

* Impunity. i. e. unvindicated.

Nor Lollius, let thy labours high

A prey to livid canker lie,

Without one honeſt page to ſave,

Thy merit from th' oblivious grave,

10. Vers'd in affairs, sagacious shewn,
Statesman consummate, faithful known,
In all the dubious turns of fate, 55
However, fortune smile or frown,
Consulted, Oracle of State.
11. Not Consul, of a year, or years,
But oft, as upright judge, sincere
Honor, to int'rest he prefers, 60
Devoid of hope, or fear; severe
12. On impious fraud, and abstinent
Of the all-luring blandishment,
And sternly scorning, the base bribe
(Presented, by the guilty tribe) 65
Displays aloft, his victor arms,
Through the opposing hosts of ambient charms.
13. Call me not him, the happy man,
Whose treasure boundless flows,
But, him alone, who wisely can 70
Enjoy, what heaven bestows,
14. Who dreads not poverty extreme,
But, worse than death, a deed of shame;
Who, when his friend, and Country call,
Firm guardian of her laws, 75
Will, generously bleeding, fall
Undaunted, in her cause.

O D E X. To LIGURINUS.

O crudelis adhuc, & Veneris muneribus potens,
 Insperata tuæ quum veniet bruma superbiæ
 Et quæ nunc humeris involitant, deciderint comæ,
 Nunc & qui color est puniceo flore prior rosæ,
 Mutatus, Ligurine, in faciem verterit hispidam;
 Dices heu! (quoties te in speculo videris alterum,) 5
 Quæ mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit?
 Aut cur his animis, incolumes non redeunt genæ?

O! Cruel yet in all those powers,
 Which Venus on her favourites showers,
 Thy blooming cheeks, that far outvie,
 The peaches', rosy blossom-die,
 And essenc'd, to the winds display'd,
 The tresses o'er thy shoulders spread;
 But when the winter comes, and all
 Thy pretty feathers, moulting, fall,
 And shall be chang'd, so sleek and smooth
 That chin, to rugged, and uncooth;
 Ah! *why, you'll say, (oft as you pass,
 And see another self in glass)
 Came not this MIND, to me a boy,
 Or with this HEART, why have not I,
 Preserv'd cheek, and boyish die?

- * Why had not I, this present mind,
 Alas! a blooming boy?
 Or, to this heart, now coming kind,
 Comes not my cheek, and boyish die?

ODE XI. TO PHYLLIS.

An Invitation to celebrate Mæcenas' Birth Day,

Eſt mihi nonum ſuperantis annum
 Plenus Albani cadus; eſt in horto
 Phylli, neſtendis apium coronis;
 Eſt hederæ vis.

1. **T**HIS caſk unpierc'd, of Albans', thine,
 Mellow'd by winters more than nine,
 My hall, and plate, and ſide board ſhine,
 A buſy tribe, ſly maids, and boys,
 The ^alaboring flames, and ſmokes ariſe, a trembling 5
 Roll'd in black columns to the ſkies,
2. And in my gardens grow,
 The roſe, and myrtle, many a row, *
 To crown thy comely head,
 And to the Gods, the vervain's ſtrew'd, 10
 And longing for the lambkin's blood,
 The Altar's duly ſpread.
3. That Phyllis, you may know what mean,
 So ſolemn kept, on April-Ides,
 Theſe joys, which I ordain, 15
 'This Day, the vernal moon divides
 O'er which, the ſea-ſprung Queen preſides,
 And ſplits the month in twain,
4. Due, as my own, to feſtive mirth,
 The Dawn, which gave Mæcenas birth, 20
 Whoſe influencing aſpect cheers
 With affluence, my rolling years,
 And happineſs on earth.

* With vivid Apium, ivies twine,
 To crown—

5. Young Telephus, whom you pursue,
Rolls in an orb, too high for you, 25
Whom, wantoning, (in willing chains)
A rich, not fairer, nymph detains ;
6. Beware the fate of Icarus,
He soar'd too near the sun,
And from the wingéd Pegasus 30
Disdainful of an earthly load,
Fell rash Bellerophon,
7. And blasted, flaming, Phaëton,
Hurl'd, by the thunders of the God,
A dread example has supply'd, 35
To check the growth of greedy pride ;
8. Admonish'd thus, to soar forbear,
Beyond thy sublunary sphere ;
Congenial equal mate approve,
And think it sacrilege to move, 40
To high disparities of love ;
9. Come then, my latest, leveliest fair,
The last, for whom I e'er shall burn,
And warbling to thy soft guitar,
My tuneful numbers learn, 45
‡ Return'd, in thy enchanting voice,
Sweet song can banish gloomy care,
And waken rapturous joys.

‡ Returned, in thy melodious airs,
Sweet song shall banish gloomy cares.

O D E XII. To VIRGIL.

Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
 Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ;
 Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt
 Hiberna nive turgidi.

1. **T**HE rugged sea's allay'd, by gales
 Soft harbingers of spring,
 The Thracian breath impels the sails;
 To Zephyrs on the wing,
 Earth's rigid bosom melts; no more
 Descending turgid torrents roar,
 Which snow-fed winters bring. 5
 2. Now Philomel in every vale,
 Renews her lamentable tale,
 Of ill-aveng'd Barbarian lust,
 The dire disgrace, of Cecrops race,
 Pursues their royal dust; 10
 3. The shepherd and his languid sheep,
 The thickest shade together keep,
 And to the flocks his pipe resounds,
 And charms the Gods, who love the woods,
 And black Arcadia's mounds. 15
 4. Virgil, the times are hot, and dry,
 And call aloud for wine,
 But if you mean to taste of mine,
 Friend, favourite of our nobles high,
 First, Syrian Nard supply, 20
 5. A box of Essence, one small shell
 Will purchase wine, in store,
 Now coolly dormant in it's cell,
 On the Sulpitian floor, 25
6. Big

6. Big with new hope, the heart to cheer,
And wash the bitter dregs of care,
Specific--in despair;

7. Leave lucre, and each sordid thing, 30
And fly on swift poetic wing,
But don't forget your ware;

For think not, that I mean to treat
*Untributary thee, and free
As at full tables of the Great;

35

8. And mindful of the last black blaze,
While yet you may, in life's short space,
Some "folly, short of council, add,

* foolery

A frolick has a grace,
Delicious pleasure--when we mad,
Well hit, in time and place.

40

i. e. well hitting

* Untributary thee, as at
Full—

O D E XIII. To LYCE.

Audivere, Lycé, Di mea vota; Di
Audivere, Lyce; fis anus, & tamen
Vis formosa videri;
Ludisque & bibis impudens;
Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem,
Lentum sollicitas,

1. **A**T length the Gods have lent an ear
Lycé—the Gods have heard my pray'r,
I've liv'd to see thee old and gray,
Affecting, to be young, and gay,
And impudently drink, and play
Solliciting slow stirring joys,
With maudling, tremulating, voice,

5

2. And

2. And vainly wielding Cupid's darts ;
 He, scornful, shuns thy loathsome arts,
 Thy bosom lank, and wither'd brow,
 Thy yellow teeth, and head of snow ;
3. He, the sapless trunks o'erflies,
 He on Chia's bosom lies,
 Sweet warbling fair, to soft guitar,
 Or, keeps sentry in her eyes ;
4. Nor gems, nor vest of purple die,
 Which with the star of morning vie,
 Shall e'er recall that fervid prime,
 Which, Lycé, stamp'd by flitting time,
 In mindful Fasti, once enroll'd,
 Inclosed, they mercyleless withhold ;
5. Ah ! whither is thy Venus flown,
 And train of pleasing arts, well known,
 What hast thou, of that winning grace,
 And dazzling lustre of thy face,
 (Which snatcht me, from myself in gaze)
 Surpass'd by Cynara's alone ?
6. But, short was the allotted date,
 Alas ! to Cynara, by Fate
 Reserving thee, in latest stage
 Prolong'd, to boding Raven's age,
 That young gallants, may see with taunts
 Thy torch—once all round firing,*
 In sickly gleam, with dying flame
 In ashes now expiring.

* A torch—all round thee firing.

O D E XIV. To AUGUSTUS.

Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium,
 Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
 Auguste, virtutes in ævum
 Per titulos memoresque fastos.
 Æternæ? O qua, sol habita biles
 Illustrat oras, maxime Principum.

1. **R**ECORDING, in their rolls of fame,
 What offerings, can wise senates care
 With the full pomp of honors, bear
 To thy exalted Virtues' claim?
2. What can thy grateful Rome prepare, *a* grateful world 5
 Where-e'er, O Sol, thy spreading beam
 Illumes this habitable frame,
 Illustrious prince, to Æternise thy name?
3. Whose fulminating powers in war,
 Reluctant, to our law, and yoke, 10
 Late felt the fierce Vindelic broke,
 And drag'd at thy triumphal car,
4. And the Genaune, implacid brood,
 By Drusus, and thy troops, subdued,
 Where, Alps o'er Alps, tremendous rise, 15
 With rocks protended to the skies;
5. §(As, pil'd on *Mountains* mountains, strove
The Giant-race, defying Jove,)
 And, vain-uprais'd, by rebel crew,
 Their rock-grown tow'rs, he, stern, o'erthrew. 20
6. Nor less, thy elder Nero's praise
 Where, he-by happy auspices,
 The Rhæti, race enormous quell'd,
 Conspicuous, in the fight beheld,

Like

§ Lines taken from Ode IV. Book III.

- Like Mavors in his Thracian car, 25
 He broke their iron ranks of war,
 7. And rushing through the barbarous herd,
 With what wide havock spread, he press'd†
 The freely death-devoted breast,
 (With rage of liberty possess'd) 30
 Presented, to the sword?
 8. As when descending from the steep,
 Arm'd, with the "prone Orion's ire, *a declining*
 And cloud-disfrending Pleiade Choir,
 Resistless Auster, in his sweep 35
 Tormenting, rolls the billowy deep.
 9. Or, Hornéd Aufidus, who reigns
 Sole Lord of the Apulian plains,
 When, bearing deluge to the swains,
 O'er flocks, and cots, in ravage tore 40
 'Tremendous angry torrents pour.
 10. Nor less impetuous his course,
 The field in massacréd he strew'd.
 From front, to rear, the files he mow'd,
 And gallant, urged his foaming horse,
 Through fury, fire, and blood, 45
 And thus to Rome, and to his own
 * A bloodless victory won.
 11. He with thy troops, and councils fraught,
 And with thy Gods, and fortune fought,
 For on what glorious DAY, to thee, 50
 Did Alexandria bend the knee,
 And supplicating, ope her port,
 And vacant, desolated Court, 12. The

† With what wide havock, he harass'd?

* A bloodless victory. Sine clade victor. With little loss, on the Romans side.
 And without loss unto his own,
 The battle (bloodless victor) won.

I have,

12. The SAME—when the revolving sun,
Compleat, had now three lustres run, 55
Saw the fierce foe, by Claudius smote,
And all to happy exit brought,
Through thee, these wonders done ;
13. With arrogated just renown,
And merited success, 60
The present, as the past to bless,
And to thy utmost wishes crown,
With all imperial grace.
14. Thee, wandring Nile, of source unknown,
The Ister, rapid Tigris, own, 65
The Gaul, undaunted death to face,
Is aw'd in wonder, and obeys ;
15. The Getæ, and the Danube fear,
The Iber, and the Mede, revere,

I have met with no passage in Horace more stubborn, and difficult, to bend to propriety, and poetical grace in English, than

Stravit humum, Sine clade victor.

And tho', in these arduous attempts, I am conscious, that I frequently fail, and fall from heights, which other translators *cared* not to venture on,

They cautious, impotent in phrase,
Safe take, and leave whate'er they please,
Afraid to shake the trembling string,
While I, who, daring, rush at all,
On Pegasus' high wing.

(Too rash Bellerophon) must fall,
And let him sometimes fling——

I'll rise again, at Phoebus' call,

And if he call, I'll sing.

Therefore it is hoped that the candid reader will receive these daring attempts of mine with indulgence, as they proceed from a scrupulous fear, of omitting any principal epithet, or brilliant phrase, which gives a peculiar lustre to the Original.

In the passage above cited, the poet seems to exult in the slaughter of the enemy, and the victory of the Roman Generals, obtained without loss on their own side; what a contrast does this exhibit, if compared with the humanity of the British General in America, restraining his victorious troops from the wanton carnage of his vanquish'd foes!

- And who, in carnage, and in blood, 70
 Rejoice, the dire Sicamber-brood ;
 16. Untameable in arms before,
 Thee, fiercest Cantabri implore,
 Geloni, and who houseless roam
 The Scythians, Seres, Indians come ; 7
 Thee, Tutelary Deity
 Of our all-conquering Rome,
 17. Thee, sovereign Lord of earth and sea,
 Where monster-brooding billows roar,
 On the remotest Britons shore, 80
 All now, submissive to thy sway,
 Surrend'ring arms, adore.

O D E X V. To AUGUSTUS.

Phœbus, volentem prælia me loqui,
 Victas et urbes, increpuit Lyra,
 Ne parva, Tyrrhenum per æquor,
 Vela darem ; tua Cæsar ætas
 Fruges et agris, retulit uberes,
 Et Signa, nostro restituit Jovi,
 Derepta Parthorum superbis
 Postibus.

1. **M**E, willing Bard to sing the ire
 Of Kings, and Cities sackt o'erthrown,
 Apollo rapping with his lyre,
 Thus warn'd, in angry tone ;
 " With slender sails dispread, forbear,*
 " Tumultuous Tuscan waves, to dare ;" 5

2. Deny'd

* Forbear. With small talents to attempt the Epic.

2. Deny'd the wars—my present page
 Be, Cæsar, thy illustrious Age,
 Resign'd in easy reign,
 Obedient nations drop the sword ; 10
 Wise order, to the state restor'd,
 And culture to the plain ;
3. And vagrant vice, licentious roll'd,
 Is by avenging laws controll'd
 Throughout thy wide domain ; 15
 Snatcht from proud Fanes, the Parthians yield
 The † Trophies of the Crassian field,
 To Capitolian Jove ;
 And fast in Adamantine bar,
 You close the iron gates of war, 20
 In universal love ;
4. Old arts, and industry renew,
 By which, our recent empire grew
 In strength, and high renown,
 And spread the † Majesty of Rome, 25
 Extending from th' Hesperian Dome,
 Unto thy eastern Throne, O Sun.
5. While guardian Cæsar rules the land,
 What force, or pow'r shall dare withstand ?
 Nor civic rage, nor hostile band, 30
 Can shake our safe repose ;
 Nor discord, forging impious arms,
 Convulsing realms, with false alarms,
 And fretting friends, to bloody foes,

† Trophies. Suspended on triumphal arches.

† Majesty. Horace speaks here in the style of Astronomers, when they say, the shadow of the Moon, in dim Eclipse, is projected over the face of the earth. Extended too weak a phrase for Horace.

6. Nor, they who drink the gelid Don, 35
 The Danube deep, or rapid Rhone,
 Nor Getæ shall oppose,
 Nor Parthians, ever-faithless known,
 Shall break the Julian laws.
7. Thus, Cæsar, we rehearse thy praise, 40
 On sacred, and unhallow'd days,
 In plenitude of peace ;
 And sing, old pious use, the dead,
 Who, for their country, nobly bled ;
8. And sacrifice, first duly given 45
 For thee, to all-benignant Heaven,
 With matrons, and their virgin race,
 To Lydian moods, o'er festive wine,
 Our lute, and lyre resound in lays
 Anchises, and the Julian line 50
 Of Venus, Queen of Grace.

In the Odes of this 4th book, and others, addressed to Augustus, or his Ministers, when the Roman Empire, was at it's highest point of glory, and felicity ; the translator, has had an eye to his own country, and the most distinguished personages in it, indicating where these praises are due, and to whom they ought to be sung, if the compositions were worthy of them.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE SECULAR POEM.

Phœbe, fylvarumque potens Diana,
 Lucidum cœli decus, O colendi
 Semper, & culti, date quæ precamur
 Tempore sacro.

CHORUS OF BOYS AND VIRGINS.

1. **O** Phœbus, and Diana Queen
 Prefiding o'er the woodland scene,
 Ye lucid glories of the skies,
 Ye ever honor'd pair,
 Vouchsafe an ear, to pious pray'r, 5
 And bend to sacrifice,
2. Due at this solemn time,
 When order'd by Sybilline rime,
 Of Boys and Maids a spotless train,
 Prefer, to Capitolian Jove,* 10
 And to the Guardian Gods, who love
 The sevenfold hills, their sacred strain.
3. O sol, immense illumin'd frame,
 Dispensing life, and flame,
 Who giv'st the night, and giv'st the day 15
 New, other and the same;
 Nought greater may'st thou—blazing roll'd,
 In thy effulgent car of gold,
 With thy all-seeing eye survey,
 Than Rome, and Rome's Majestic sway. 20

TO DIANA.

4. O Goddess, bend to pious vows,
 Lucina, Ilithya nam'd,
 Or, by whatever honors claim'd,
 Which Heaven, or Earth bestows; 5. Show'r

* Hæc Jovem sentire, deosque cunctos, &c.

5. Show'r down thy blessings, on the fair, 25
 Deign, to the teeming womb, thy care,
 Kind to parturient throes,
 Bring forth the birth, in hour mature, *a mature in hour*
 Allay, with thy propitious pow'r,
 Their agonizing woes; 30
6. Favour our senatorial cares,
 The Rites, and nuptial Statutes bless,
 Source fruitful of unnumber'd heirs,
 And multiply their race;
7. That—when hath the revolving sun, 35
 Eleven-fold ten great circles run,
 And brought the Secle round compleat,
 Three nights, and three successive days,
 May Rome, these games, and festal lays,
 * Frequent, and full, repeat. 40
8. Ye Parcæ, whose prophetic Rimes,
 Decrees—in stable order run,
 The future, as preceding times,
 With fates successful crown;
9. Benignant to our fleecy care, 45
 May fertile be the hill, and plain,
 Give limpid streams, and purest air,
 To the luxuriant steed, and steer,
 May Ceres swell the golden grain,
 Crown'd with Her bearded ear. 50

B O Y S .

10. Thy darts conceal'd—of milder mien,
 Apollo, hear thy suppliant boys,

T O

• A thousand Demigods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full. MILTON.

VIRGINS.

Of starry Heavens, bright-crescent, Queen,
Diana hear thy Virgins voice.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

11. If Rome's your work, O pow'rs divine, 55
And by responses from your shrine,
§ Superstant, to his country dear,
(Who saw unhappy Troy expire,
And freed his way through foes, and fire)
The good Æneas, led his Host, 60
And Gods, to our Hetruscan coast,
In happier seat his walls to rear,
Bequeathing to his Phrygian line,
Realms greater, than they lost;
12. With early principles of truth, 65
To virtue, form our docil Youth,
Give honors to the hoary sage,
And blest with ease, his placid age;
Bid health and wealth, and sons encrease
Adorn'd, with every moral grace; 70
13. And who, with victims pure as snow,
Adores, ye Gods, in laurel'd brow,
Dardanian, heaven-descended birth,
Our tutelary Lord of Earth,
Long may his Lustres happy flow, 75
The haughty warrior to o'erthrow,
In mercy, raise the prostrate foe.

14. Whose

§ I sometimes use *Superstant* and *Supermanent*, for *Surviving* and *after-remaining*,
terms fitter for Lawyers, than Poets.

Who, guileless, freed his way through fire in H.
—guileless.

14. Whose high behests, the Scythians fear,
 Proud Ind, and Mede his laws revere,
 Whose mandates awe remotest lands, 80
 And * trembling Ocean, His commands.

15. Faith, truth, and honor crown his Days,
 Ingenuous shame, and smiling peace;
 And happy plenty shews full horn,
 And, scornéd, virtue dares return, 85
 And piety hath praise.

TO APOLLO.

16. O Augur, graced with radiant bow,
 Delight of the harmonious nine,
 Prompt to relieve weak mortals woe,
 With balmy * healing arts divine, 90

17. Dost thou, with gracious eye survey,
 High, sacred to thy Deity
 Mount Palatinus' dome,
 † The STATE, and blessings we enjoy;
 Unto another age extend, 95
 And more successfull to times' end,
 More potent, happy, Rome.

TO DIANA.

18. Goddess, whose chastest honors shine,
 Who Algid rul'st, and Aventine,
 Our supplications hear; 100
 To the † Decemvir-priests benign,
 Receive their solemn pray'r. 19. We,

* And Ocean trembles, for his green domain. THOMPSON.

* *Healing arts*—Addressed to Apollo, as God of Medicine, the father of the *Æsculapian* family.

† *The State and blessings &c.* I am not unmindful of Britain. while I write these lines, nor unthankful for the blessings she enjoys, under the best of princes, the ablest of ministers, and the mildest of governments—upon earth.

† *Decemvir Priests.* This college of Priests was known by the name of Decemviri, tho' their number was increas'd, in Augustus' days, to fifteen.

19. We, docil band, who sang the lay,
 To Dian, and the God of day,
 To Rome, these gracious tidings bear,
 Assuréd from the skies,
 Jove, and the Gods have heard our pray'r,
 And bend to sacrifice.

105

As this is the first attempt ever made, to give a Translation of this Author, close, true, whole and intire, I say *whole*, because my Lord Roscommon has done the same in some few; imitating him, in concordancy of sound, phrase, and metre as far as the English Language will coincide; without wilful omission of any principal epithet, or brilliant beauty in the original; 'tis hoped the PUBLIC, and particularly the SCHOOLS will receive our endeavours with candour and favour.

In the many pretty imitations, by various hands, the subject only is Horace's, the rest might as well have been taken from some of the Minor Poets, for any resemblance they bear to the original, in spirit, manner, and figurative expression, the great excellence of this Author, and principal aim of his Translator.

As, many of these Odes are addressed to the Ladies, the Translator hopes they may have the favour of being admitted to the toilet; he has been particularly careful, to use no unintelligible hard words, where they could possibly be avoided; none—but, may be easily understood, by any one who has read the Spectators; no farther learning is required.

F I N I S.



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THE

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FROM BOOK THE EIGHTH

Fraught with some of the Noblest Images, that ever
Poet in his furor, led off to a Divine Painter.

* * * Through Dryden's hurry, and Pitt's imbecility in translating, one half of the Principal Beauties, of this Admirable Piece, are sunk and lost; and Ovid, if we except what Dryden has done, has suffered little less, in Garth's Collection.

N. B. Specimens of the Translations of Virgil and Ovid, (published A°. 1774.) may be seen at Mr. JOHNSON's, St. Paul's Church-yard, Mr. BOOKER's New Bond street, LONDON, and Mr. CRANE's in LIVERPOOL, which will be revised, and corrected in many places, if reprinted.



I N D E X.

B O O K I.

O D E	P A G E
1. M ÆCENAS atavis	1
2. M Jam satis terris	7
3. Sic te Diva	10
4. Solvitur acris	13
5. Quis multa graeilis	14
6. Scriberis Vario	16
7. Laudabunt alii	17
8. Lydia, dic per omnes	20
9. Vides ut alta	21
10. Mercuri facunde	22
11. Tu ne quæsieris	23
12. Quem Virum	24
13. Cum tu Lydia	27
14. O Navis, referent	28
15. Pastor cum traheret	30
16. O matre Pulchra	32
17. Velox aenæum	34
18. Nullam Vare sacra	35
19. Mater sæva Cupidinum	37
20. Vile potabis modicis	38
21. Dianam teneræ dicite Virgines	39
22. Integer vitæ	40
23. Vitas Hinnuleo,	41
24. Quis desiderio	42
25. Parcius junctas	44
26. Musis amicus	46
27. Natis in usum lætitiæ	46
28. Te maris, et terræ,	48
29. Icci beatis	50
30. O Venus, regina	52
31. Quid dedicatum	52
32. Poscimus si quid	54
33. Albi, ne doleas	55
34. Parcus Deorum	56

I N D E X.

O D E		P A G E
35. O Diva, gratum		57
36. Et thure et fidibus		59
37. Nunc est bibendum,		61
38. Perficos odi,		63

B O O K II.

1. Motum ex Metello		64
2. Nullus Argento		67
3. Æquam memento		68
4. Ne sit ancillæ		70
5. Non dum subacta		71
6. Septimi, Gades		73
7. O sæpe mecum		74
8. Ulla si juris		76
9. Non semper imbres		77
10. Rectius vives,		78
11. Quid bellicosus		80
12. Nolis longa feræ		81
13. Ille et nefasto. — Quicunque primum, &c.		
Produxit, arbos, te, nepotum in	}	83
Perniciem —		
14. Eheu ! fugaces		86
15. Jam pauca aratro		87
16. Otium divos		89
17. Cur me querellis		91
18. Non ebur, neque		93
19. Bacchum in remotis		95
20. Non Usitata		97

B O O K III.

1. Odi profanum		99
2. Angustam amici		102
3. Justum et tenacem		104
4. Descende cælo		108
5. Cælo tonantem		113
6. Delicta majorum		116
7. Quid spes, Aſteric		119
8. Martijs, cælebs		121

I N D E X.

9.	Donec, gratus eram	122
10.	Extremum Tanaim	124
11.	Mercuri, nam te	125
12.	Miserarum est neque	128
13.	O fons Bandusiæ	129
14.	Herculis ritu	130
15.	Uxor pauperis Ibyci	132
16.	Inclusam Danaen	133
17.	Æli, vetusto	137
18.	Faune, Nypharum	138
19.	Quantum distet ab Inacho	139
20.	Non vides, quanto	141
21.	O Nata mecum consule	142
22.	Montium custos	143
23.	Cælo supinas	144
24.	Intactis opulentior	145
25.	Quo me Bacche	148
26.	Vixi, puellis, nuper	150
27.	Impios parræ recinentis omen	151
28.	Festo quid potius die	155
29.	Tyrrhæna, Regum	156
30.	Exegi monumentum	159

B O O K IV.

1.	Intermissa, Venus, diu	161
2.	Pindarum quisquis	164
3.	Quem tu Melpomené	167
4.	Qualem ministrum	169
5.	Divis orte bonis,	173
6.	Dive quem proles	175
7.	Diffugere nives	177
8.	Donarem pateras	179
9.	Ne forte credas	182
10.	O crudelis adhuc	185
11.	Est mihi nonum	186
12.	Jam veris comites	188
13.	Audivere, Lyce	189
14.	Quem cura Patrum	191
15.	Phœbus, volentem	194
16.	Phœbe, sylvarumque	197

E R R O R S

ERRORS and OMISSIONS.

Book I, page 16, line 1, read Mæonian.

— *Line 25, Attempting high—in lessning lays.*

Page 32, line 11. Nor Pythian guest, of Priestels' breast,

*Page 54, line 12. The Mules, and the God of joy,
The &c.*

Page 62, line 45; Anger'd Asp.

*B. II. Page 68, line 33. ————— who can,
And—with undazzled eye behold,
The BANK—————*

*Page 72, line 33. With the difference small between,
Sexes, hardly to be teen,
Ambiguous face and flowing tress,
Would beguile—————*

*B. III. page 110, line 62. At length requesting to retreat,
And lay th' Herculean load of state,
Recruited, &c.*

*Page 140, wide note, like Shakespear,
And thrice to make the number nine,
We'll to the impar Muses join.*

*Page 145, line 3. Uncostly gifts from harmless hand, &c.
And cakes of sprinkled salt and meal,
Shall with offended Gods prevail,
When slaughter'd Hecatombs shall fail,
From Lordly victors of the land.*

*Page 149, line 18. ————— around,
Barbarian rustic feet rebound.*

B. IV. page 165, line 6. Crown'd with palm.

*Page 175, line 17. He fell, and broad dispread,
Laid in the Trojan dust his haughty head.*

Page 177, ode 7, line 11. And Youthful day.

Page 195, line 33. Inflaming Kingdoms with alarms.

P. 196, l. 43. Virtute functos. A life in honor led, and shed.

The innumerable Errata, in punctuation, an intelligent reader, will easily see and rectify with his pen; and any other errors candidly pointed out, shall be immediately corrected.



